

# The Sketch

No. 753.—Vol. LVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1907.

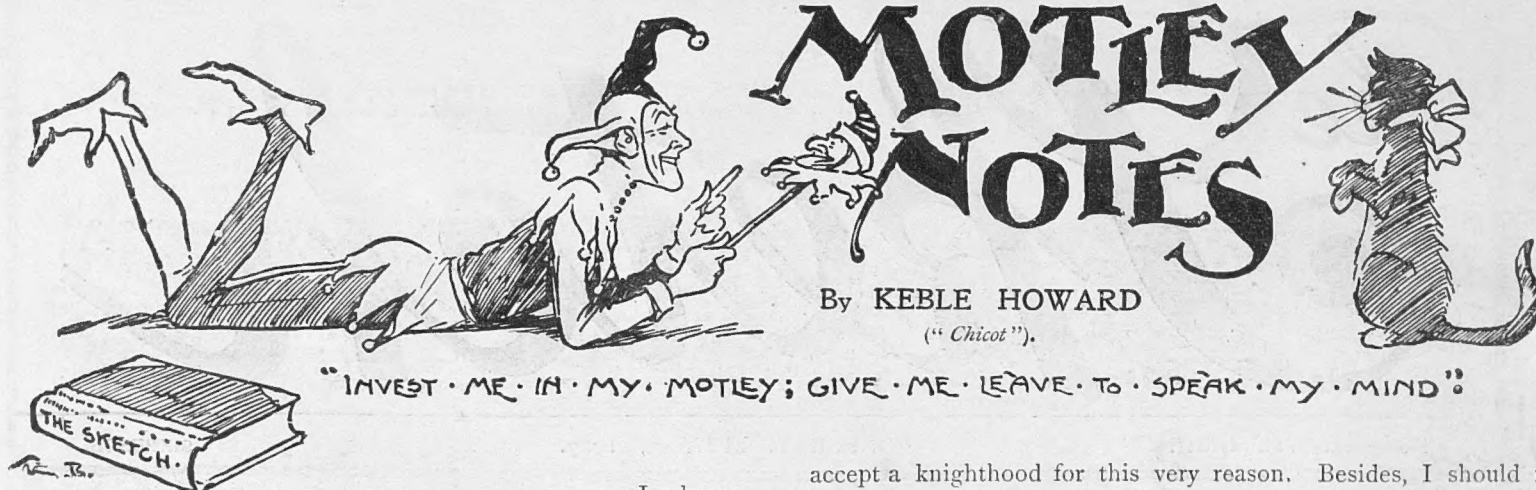
SIXPENCE.



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN IN HER WEDDING - DRESS.

Miss Bateman sailed from Southampton for Brazil on the steamship "Avon" on Friday last. Immediately on her arrival, which should be on the 15th of this month, she will marry Mr. Wilfred G. Chancellor. Our photograph shows her in her wedding-dress. Miss Bateman's first husband was Mr. George Ashfordby Trenchard.

*Photograph by Bassano.*



London.

#### A Cheery Message.

I have taken quite a fancy to the Rev. E. Griffith Jones, B.A. I have not the honour of his personal acquaintance, you must understand: it is his way of looking at life that endears him to me. The Rev. E. Griffith Jones, B.A., is that rare creature—an optimist. Take, if you don't believe me, this extract from an article that he has written in the *Young Man*: "It is easy to be a hypocrite in Suburbia, and the chances of being found out are small." This is not the opinion, you know, of the majority of those who dwell in Suburbia. They complain, bitterly, that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to practise hypocrisy with any marked degree of success. They will tell you that there is always one of the Jones girls at the window, and that they cannot, for the life of them, keep their servants from chattering to the maids next door. To such despondent ones the message of the Rev. E. Griffith Jones, B.A., will assuredly bring comfort. It is the mission of optimists to comfort the world and give it "heart" for the next lap. I can see a great many fairly dull people having another shot at hypocrisy. A few, maybe, will bless Mr. Jones, and the others will show their ingratitude in the usual manner.

#### The Zest of Living.

Whilst we are together, moreover, we ought to consider the case of Mr. Cecil Bancroft. Here, I think, we have the genuine egotist. Mr. Cecil Bancroft, as you probably know, is a great golfer, and he has declared, in print, that "the real fun of golf is taking risks." For example, if there is a right of way across the links, and an old gentleman crosses in front of you just as you are about to drive, don't wait until he is safely out of the way. If you do, you spoil the game. Drive off, and take your chance. You may hit the old gentleman, or you may miss him; it doesn't much matter which; the real fun consists in taking risks. Pursue the subject a little farther, and you will discover that it works out equally well from the non-golfer's point of view. If you waited until he was safely out of the way before driving, he might just as well be on the highway or tucked up in bed. It is the risk of the thing that adds zest to his life, and—unless the ball catches him on the temple—helps him to go on living. Thus we have some connection, after all, between the thoroughgoing optimist and the genuine egotist. Would you have suspected it if you had not read this paragraph? Yes? Very well, then. Let us hurry along to the next subject.

#### The Penalty of Knighthood.

If Mr. W. S. Gilbert wants a knighthood, he certainly ought to have one. As a matter of fact, he ought to have anything, in reason, that he happens to want. None the less, it seems a pity that we shall lose a name that is familiar to all the English-speaking world, and is associated with the gayest comic operas in the language. W. S. Gilbert is everybody's friend; Sir William Gilbert will be a strange, conventional, rather stiff sort of person, reminding one, for some reason or another, of commerce rather than of literature or art. When the honour of knighthood is conferred upon a man he does not always understand that he is never again quite the same person to the public. Take the case of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Conan Doyle, the author of "Sherlock Holmes," was known everywhere. You will meet people, however, who will assure you quite solemnly that Conan Doyle and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are totally different men. I remember being in some doubt myself once, when I came across a story signed A. Conan Doyle, as to whether A. Conan Doyle and Conan Doyle were one and the same person. For my own part, I have secretly decided never to

accept a knighthood for this very reason. Besides, I should not know what on earth to do with it if I had one.

#### Honour the Dandy!

Says a writer in a ladies' paper, "There still exists in many minds the ridiculous notion that the man cannot be manly who pays more than the ordinary amount of attention to the adornment of his body. There is no greater mistake made than to believe that well-dressed men must be effeminate. Courage and dandyism can go hand in hand just as comfortably as courage and dowdiness—if not more comfortably." This is so true that I am surprised to find that anybody had the courage to say it. But the writer does not go far enough. She merely allows the dandy physical courage, whereas the truth is that he also possesses that far finer and infinitely rarer quality—moral courage. You may think this an exaggeration, but let me beg you to ask yourself, friend the reader, whether you would dare to turn up at the theatre in a dress-coat with a velvet collar. If you would, why don't you do it? I know you don't do it, because if you did I should see you. And I haven't seen you in a coat with a velvet collar. I have seen very few men decked out in that way, because moral courage is so painfully rare. I long, myself, to wear a dress-coat with a velvet collar; I long to wear patent-leather boots with green tops; I long to associate myself with some outrageously shaped hat. But I dare not. My shame is the greater.

#### The Best Cure for Conceit.

Somebody else has been saying that "as a patent conceit-destroyer, there is nothing more effectual than the contemplation of ourselves through the medium of the eyes of a friend." Personally, I find that the most effective conceit-destroyer is a visit to the tailor's for the purpose of trying on a new suit. He puts me into a small room surrounded by looking-glasses, and I begin the ordeal by getting an excellent view of the back of my head. I never see the back of my head, thank heaven! except on these occasions, and I can assure my tailor that I should buy many more suits if he would only let me try them on in some room that contained but a single glass. (The back of a man's head, of course, is always rather foolish-looking. That is why actors and artists and musicians grow long hair.) Recovering a little from the shock, I complain that the coat does not set properly on the right shoulder. To this the tailor replies, as gently as possible, that one of my shoulders is rather higher than the other. He never tells me which one is higher than the other, and I try to flatter myself that he doesn't know; but the snub is there all the same. Finally, you may go into your tailor's thinking that you look fairly respectable; but you come out knowing that you are, in reality, dreadfully shabby.

#### Mr. Plowden's Mistake.

Mr. Plowden is of opinion that "in these days, when everybody speaks and nobody talks, nobody ought to go anywhere without having a speech in his pocket." To tell the truth, I am astonished to hear that anybody, with the exception of ourselves, friend the reader, does. I very rarely go to public dinners; I hate them; but, when I go, I can tell by the manner and the expression of those about me that every man of them has a speech in his head, if not in his pocket. They eat too little, because nervousness has robbed them of appetite; they drink too much for the same reason. We should be a far happier and a far healthier nation if boys were taught at school that the inveterate speech-maker is as great a bore as the inveterate punster. Nine hundred and ninety-nine "after-dinner" speeches out of a thousand are inspired by a mixture of alcohol and vanity.

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## BATHING IN MUD; AND ANOTHER PAGEANT.



BURIED TO BE CURED: IN THE SALT MUD-BATHS AT SAKI.

The Russian newspapers continue to chronicle extraordinary cures of rheumatism, sciatica, hip-disease, and even appendicitis, effected by the mud-baths at Saki, in the Crimea. The mud is obtained from the salt-lakes in the vicinity, and is heated by the sun to a temperature only a few degrees below boiling-point. Patients lie enveloped in the unpleasant mess—if they be strong—for a period of twenty minutes, when they are taken to the washing-room, where they are liberally sprayed with hot water until they are cleansed. They are then clad in luxurious dressing-gowns and hurried to bed, where they perspire freely for a couple of hours. The baths, which are in the open air, are divided into first and second class, 3s. being charged for the former, and 1s. 10d. for the latter.



THE PORCHESTER PAGEANT: THE ROMANS INTERRUPTING A DRUIDICAL SACRIFICE.

Porchester, which stands at the upper end of Portsmouth Harbour, is, according to tradition, the place where St. Paul landed when he began his ministry in Britain. For centuries the town was the place of embarkation to Normandy, and it was from there that Henry V. sailed for France in 1415. At Porchester, also, Margaret of Anjou first set foot on English soil. Elizabeth and other Sovereigns held Courts in the Castle, which was last used as a prison for French taken in the Napoleonic wars.

*Photograph by F. A. Swaine, Southsea.*

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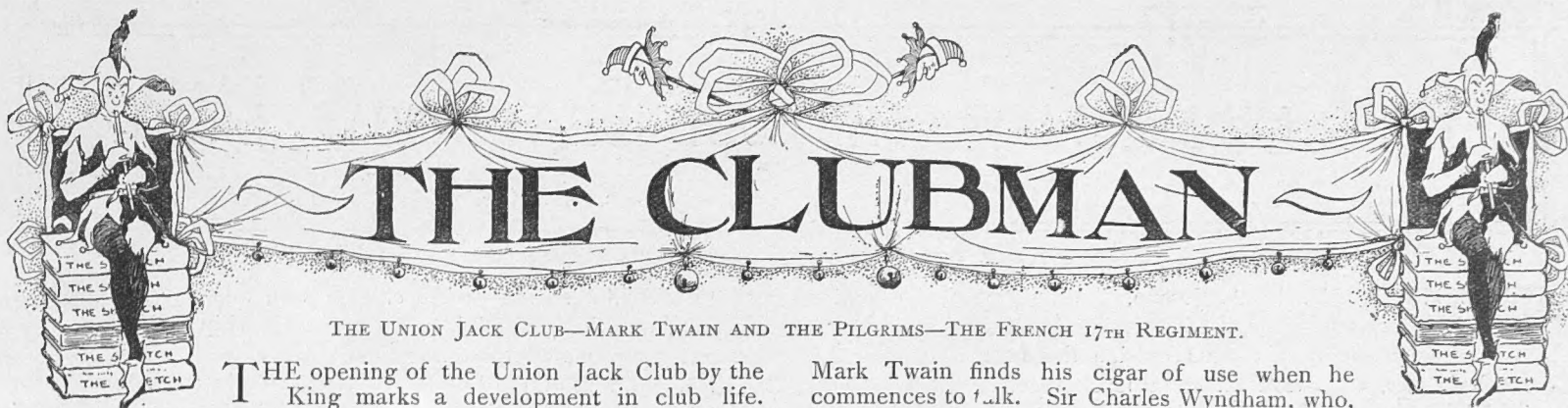
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THE UNION JACK CLUB—MARK TWAIN AND THE PILGRIMS—THE FRENCH 17<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT.

THE opening of the Union Jack Club by the King marks a development in club life. The club is purely and simply a social club presented to a very large and deserving class of men who cannot under ordinary circumstances enjoy club life as we know it in London. Many most praiseworthy attempts to provide clubs for soldiers and sailors have not been altogether successes, because some obligation which fettered perfect freedom went with membership. If I were told that joining a club entailed attendance at morning and evening prayers, or that a nightcap in the form of a whisky-and-soda was forbidden me, I should not under any circumstances join that club. I do most gladly attend morning prayers under certain circumstances, and I never drink a whisky-and-soda at bed-time; but that I was under compulsion to do one thing and not to do another would prevent me from joining any club.

Jack the Handy Man and Tommy Atkins have the same feelings as the clubmen of Pali Mall and Piccadilly. They always suspect that missionary work lies below the offer of club accommodation, and they do not want tracts with their breakfast, any more than their officers do. The Union Jack Club gives them a clubhouse and all the usual conveniences of a residential club, exactly on the terms to which a clubman of the West End is accustomed, but with prices to suit pockets which are never too well lined. I wish the new club and its hundreds of thousands of members all success, and I should have liked to see in every clubhouse in the clubland of the rich a subscription-list to ensure that the most junior of the Service clubs should start without a debt attached to it.

There is, by the way, one very distinguished London club at which morning prayers are read regularly, and though the tone of this club is serious, it is in no way a clerical club. I remember once a most heated discussion on the committee of one of the Service Clubs as to whether morning prayers should be read to the servants, whether attendance should be compulsory, and as to who should act as chaplain. The discussion dropped when the secretary expressed his willingness to act as chaplain, and suggested that his salary be raised by £100 a year as payment for the post.

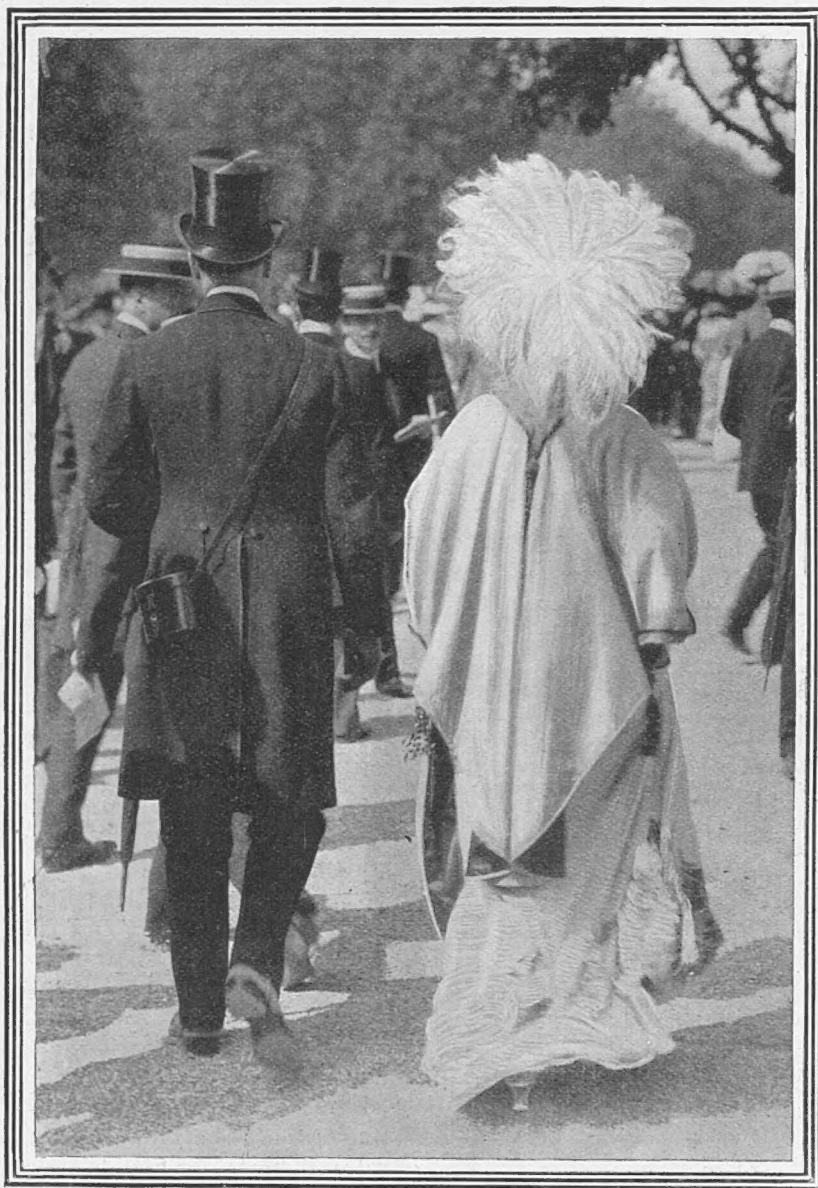
Mark Twain was in very happy vein at the Pilgrim Club lunch, and the greeting from the undergraduates of Oxford, which was a very pretty thought on the part of "those young hearts," as the veteran humourist called them, had evidently touched him, for there was a note of pathos in his voice as he began his speech by thanking the boys "over there." Like many other fine speakers,

Mark Twain finds his cigar of use when he commences to talk. Sir Charles Wyndham, who, in my humble opinion, is the most effective after-dinner orator of the day, takes one or two pulls at a cigarette, thus filling the pauses between sentences before he gets into full course of eloquence. The white-headed American humourist drew in two great lungfuls of smoke from the stump of his cigar when he rose to his feet, and it was not until he had settled his gold-rimmed spectacles upon his nose and had laid down the cigar that

he was quite happy and embarked comfortably on the quiet, gentle flow of speech that is characteristic of the man. No American orator of to-day that I have ever heard speaks as Mark Twain does. The soft drawl, the slackening of pace when a point is being made, are exactly the methods of speech which I always have imagined the Southern Colonels and Judges employed in the days before the war. The speech, which had been led up to most brilliantly by Mr. Birrell, was a good speech. It was interesting to read, but the appearance of the great humourist, his white hair and eagle nose, and the softness yet strength of the quiet voice, made it a thousand times more interesting to hear.

"Biribi" is the slang for the Algerian military penal settlement, and when the men of the 17th Regiment, as they were marched to the station, told their relations and friends that they were off to Biribi, it conveyed the sense of a terrible punishment having been meted out to the mutinous regiment. The French are so tremendously proud of their army, they have made such sacrifices for it, their existence depends so much upon being strong under arms, that their national pride is sadly hurt when any weakness is disclosed in their great fighting machine. I was in France at the time that the 17th Regiment

embarked for Tunis, and an old soldier, a retired officer, talking of the whole matter, told me that he had wept to think that there were soldiers of France who could be untrue to the flag—and this was no empty phrase. Few regiments, however, have ever been subjected to the trial those soldiers of the Midi were put to. They knew that regiments had been sent from other districts into the disturbed area, their brothers and fathers and mothers cried to them that these strange regiments were massacring them, and Southern blood is always Southern blood. When the 17th Regiment makes its long marches over the hot Tunisian desert in the moonlight, and the poor fellows think despairingly of the pleasant lands of the Midi, the punishment will, I am sure, be a very heavy one—heavier, perhaps, than the crime demanded.



WHAT FASHION IS COMING TO! AN EXAMPLE OF THE NEWEST THING IN PARIS HATS.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

## R. C. LEHMANN ON THE OUTSIDE-THE-BOAT EIGHT.

THE idea of Mr. B. A. Jessup, the holder of the senior championship singles of certain American rowing-club associations, to put seats outside the boat altogether, or over the water, to permit an extra leverage of about two feet, gained between the rowlock and the handle, naturally involves the placing of the stretcher outside the boat. The first question which suggests itself to me is, how is the stretcher to be made strong enough? There is no way known to me by which it can be done.

Again, there is no amount of stability which I have seen in a racing-boat which will prevent it rolling to a certain extent occasionally during practice. What theory of stability has Mr. Jessup got which will prevent his craft from so rolling as to immerse the bow side and the stroke side in the water alternately—seats, stretchers, and all? He says that his boat is to be used only in still water, but you can't have one boat for smooth and another for rough water. On the Putney-to-Mortlake course you may have the first part, from Putney to Hammersmith, absolutely smooth, and then, when you have rounded the bend, you may strike a head-wind which will raise a stormy sea against you. Are you to leap out of the boat at Hammersmith and leap into another to row the rest of the course?

I have another objection to Mr. Jessup's plan. That is in the tremendous length required for the oars. I do not believe there is any human power which could wield the oars required for the boat. If, as Mr. Jessup proposes, you put an extra leverage of two feet on the oars, you will then increase their inboard measurement from 3 ft. 8 in., which is about the measure at present, to 5 ft. 8 in. With an oar measuring 12 ft. to 12 ft. 3 in. all over, you would have an enormous excess of leverage. You would have to increase the length of your oar outboard and the breadth of your blade in order to resist the force of this extreme length of leverage.

The proportion of inboard to outboard measurement at present may be stated roughly as 44 in. (3 ft. 8 in.) to 102 in. (12 ft. 2 in. less 3 ft. 8 in.). If you add 24 in. to 44, you get a proportion of 68 to 102. In order to keep the old proportion, you would have to increase 102 by at least 55, and you would get an oar measuring nearly 19 feet. It is quite hard enough, even under the present conditions, for ordinary human beings to row a racing stroke. With the new implements necessitated by Mr. Jessup's invention, you might have a crew rowing with a lightning stroke of about eight to the minute during those brief periods when they would remain afloat.

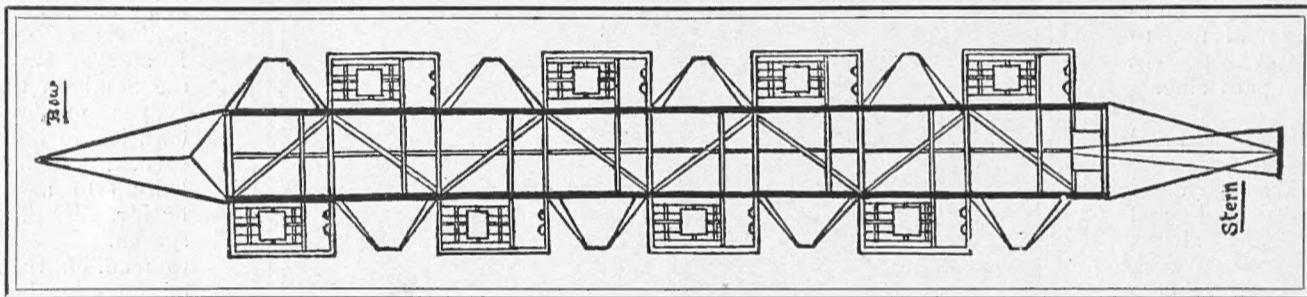
The whole thing is fantastical.

Since sliding seats came into general use, the modifications in the general lines of a racing-boat and in the details of her fitting have been few. The length of the slide has been gradually extended from 8 or 9 inches to 16 inches in this country, and to 20 or 21 inches in certain foreign countries, and the length of the

ship itself, all over, has been increased from about 58 feet to 62 or 63 feet; but the general idea on which the ship is built has not varied to any material extent.

Mr. Stillwell, of the London Rowing Club, in 1891 designed for his crew a ship which, although she did not win the Grand Challenge Cup, was certainly the fastest I have ever seen. She was very long for those days, had a schooner bow, and, being heavily "cambered," tapered off to a stern that was little bigger than the stern of a sculling-boat. The rudder was not attached to the stern-post, but was fixed under the coxswain's seat, and she was extremely susceptible to the least touch of it. In the following year the same club adopted a ship with a punt-shaped stern and a rudder still underneath, but this model was by no means so successful as the 1891 ship. Since then all crews have reverted to the old arrangement of the rudder, though there have been attempts at modifying the actual shape of the boat. Doctor Warre in 1901 designed for the Oxford crew a ship which, in consequence of the shortness of her forepart, was generally known as the Snub-nosed ship, or "Snubby" for short. Consequently, she carried

her bows very low, and the slightest lipper broke over them. It is true that the crew that raced in her defeated Cambridge, but this was due rather to the merits of



SEATS OUTSIDE THE BOAT: A SUGGESTED RACING-SHELL.

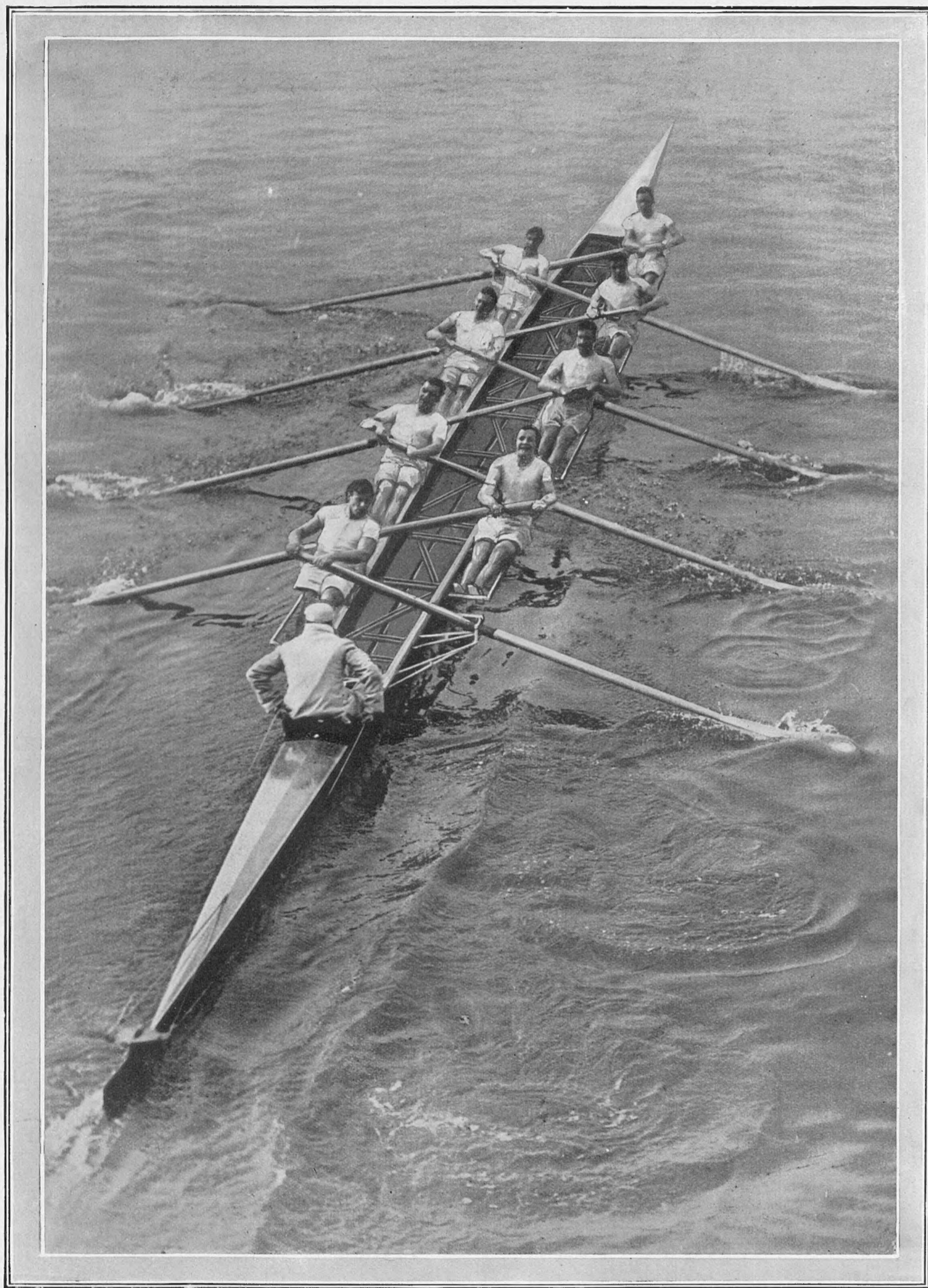
Mr. B. A. Jessup sends us the sketch reproduced, together with a cutting from the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle." Mr. R. C. Lehmann's opinion of the invention is here given, at our request. The cutting reads:—"To out-English English rowing methods is the hub of an idea originated by B. A. Jessup, who has held the senior championship singles of the Crescent A. C., Nereid Boat Club, and Nyack Rowing Association. American oarsmen are always seated in the centre of their shells; Englishmen invariably prefer to push their seats to one side, which gives a greater leverage on the oars, owing to the increased length afforded. As will be seen in the accompanying diagram, Mr. Jessup has gone a step farther. His notion is to put the seats outside the boat altogether, or over the water, which would permit of an extra leverage of about two feet gained between the rowlock and the handle. Of course, such a boat has never been built, so far as is known, and it is hard to say how it would work in practice, although, theoretically, it is promising. Mr. Jessup simply submits it as a freak eight-oared shell. It can be used only in still water."—(See page 389.)

the Dark Blue oarsmen than to those of the boat they raced in. Doctor Warre made one more attempt at a similar design, but this was unsuccessful, and we have now reverted to boats of from 62 to 63 feet long over all, with a fair allowance of length in the bows. The boat in which Harvard raced against Cambridge last year was considerably shorter than that of their opponents. She was built bluff on purpose, but she, too, had the demerit of carrying her bows low in the water. To allow for the great length of their slides, and the consequent necessity of placing the stretchers close to the aft edge of the thwarts, American crews have adopted the device of sloping their slides downwards towards the stern, thus saving the calves of their legs from being pressed up against the edge of the thwart and impeding the due finish of the stroke with the legs.

Many men have tried, but none have succeeded, so far as I know, in working out on paper the proper scientific lines of racing-boats in the same way as the lines of a yacht have been worked out. It might possibly be done, but the elements of the calculation are complicated and difficult, for the racing-boat has to be propelled, not by a force outside of her, but by some 96 stones' weight of human bodies sitting inside her and shifting that weight sixteen inches between the bow and stern from thirty to forty times in every minute. Boat-builders like Clasper or Sims or Rough no doubt have certain main principles fixed in their minds, but in accommodating their build of boat to any particular crew they, for the most part, have to proceed roughly and by rule of thumb, their great experience and their meed of ingenuity helping them to give the proper floating capacity and due pace to the craft they build.

R. C. LEHMANN.

## AN OUTSIDE-THE-BOAT EIGHT.



A HENLEY CREW AS IT WOULD APPEAR IN A JESSUP BOAT—AN ARRANGEMENT BY "THE SKETCH."

Mr. B. A. Jessup, who has held the senior championship singles of the Crescent A.C., Nereid Boat Club, and Nyack Rowing Association, suggests a racing-shell with the seats outside the boat—the idea being, of course, to give a greater leverage on the oars. In order to show what an eight would look like in the proposed form of boat we have altered a racing-shell, and have placed this year's Cambridge crew in it.

*See Article by Mr. R. C. Lehmann; setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of the crew by the Topical Press.*

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE"—"THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET"—"THE INCUBUS"—  
"THE PHOENIX."

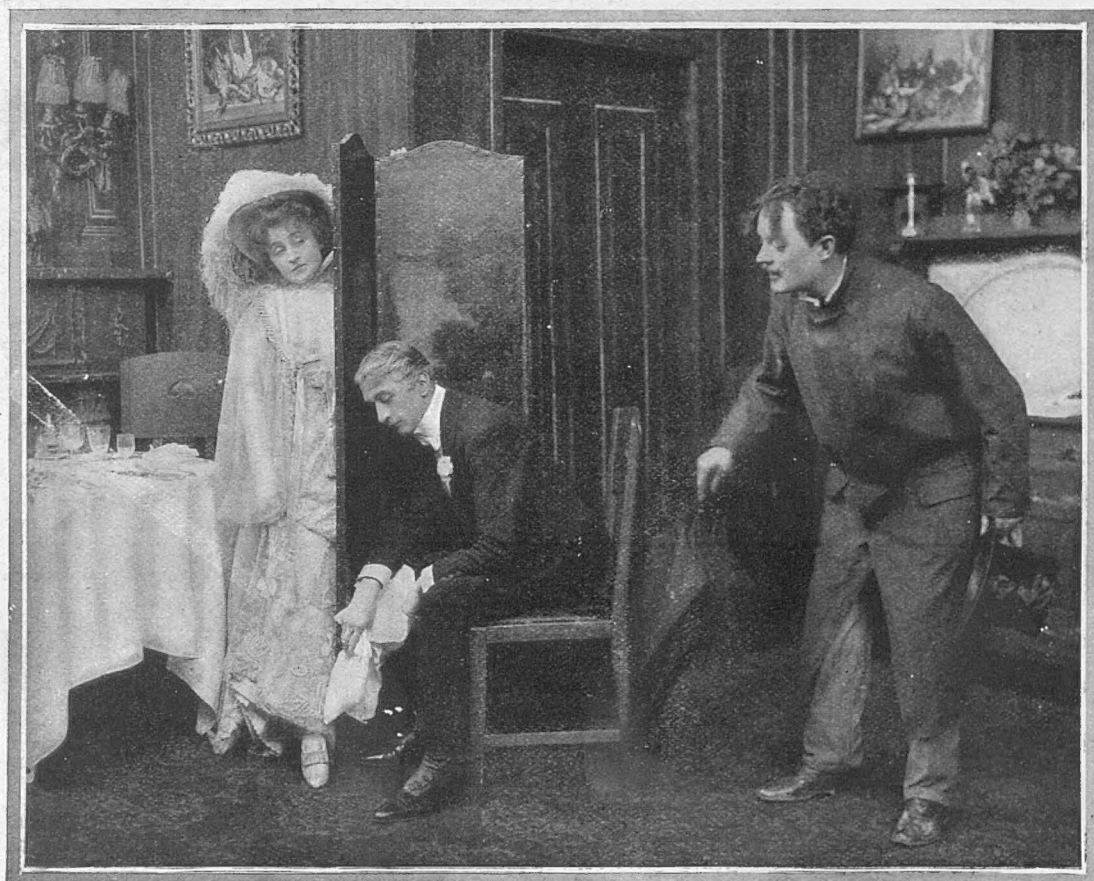
TWO more American pieces with Anglo-American companies, and the curious anomaly of having casts composed of members of two races differing in speech, manners, appearance and dress pretending to represent simultaneously the inhabitants of one of the two countries. "In the Bishop's Carriage," at the Waldorf, is very much like "Leah Kleschna"—whether either piece owes anything to the other, I do not know. Certainly the new work would have a better chance of success if it had not been preceded by another drama with a similar plot treated and played with greater ability. The audience at the Waldorf seemed interested by the new story of the female burglar and the sentimental reformer who perceives that her wickedness is the result of environment and that she really has a noble nature. So far as I could see, the young woman, "Nance the Nipper," took to crime as naturally as a duck to water; but then I, of course, am not a criminal lawyer in love with the pretty woman, and I might have inquired what were her exact relations with her jealous burglar "pal." But the New York lawyer, being presumably one of the pure to whom all things are pure (analysts and lawyers generally belong to the category), had no misgivings, and did not believe the low-class burglar when he said that Nan had been his mistress—a term he would have been as likely to employ as "hetaira" or "bona-roba."

The author of "In the Bishop's Carriage" does not bother himself with efforts at psychology which gave interest to "Leah Kleschna," even if they seemed unsound from a scientific point of view. He is a melodramatist pure and simple—very simple. One guessed easily when the drunken admirer of Nan would appear, and could anticipate almost to a minute the time when Tom Dorgan would present himself: we presumed that when Nan went on the stage she would be triumphant, and that when she pleaded with the wicked, jealous burglar she would move his crime-stained soul within five minutes. Everything, in fact, proceeded according to the rules of the game—the same old game.

The performance was not electrifying. Miss Fannie Ward worked hard as the naughty Nan, but could hardly be expected to stand the inevitable comparison with Miss Lena Ashwell in a similar part. Miss Margaret Fuller and Miss Cartwright acted well. Miss Agnes Hewitt made a welcome reappearance in a character of too little importance. We were all glad to see Mr. Charles Collette again, and sorry that he had to present an unpleasant drunken person, supposed to be amusing: I do not know why. He played quite cleverly, but the case was one of the better the worse. Messrs. Frank Cooper and Cartwright as the sentimental lawyer and soft-souled burglar acted in excellent style.

"The Earl of Pawtucket" causes us to wonder whether the Americans think that the Dundreary type is still current. Its central figure is an Earl almost as out of date as a megatherium. Mr. Cyril Maude amused the house by his careful and ingenious picture of the extinct creature. The play would gain something of prettiness if Mr. Thomas, the author, and Mr. Maude were to represent the Earl on rather different lines; for it was difficult to conceive that Harriet would fall in love—or at the least continue in love—with such a type. This is said without denying the cleverness of Mr. Maude's work, and the fact that he caused very hearty laughter. The plot shows the adventures of a brainless English Earl who comes to New York under the name of another man, into the arms of whose family he promptly falls, and is full of

incident—so full as to be a little puzzling at times. It contains several funny scenes and some quaint, effective American phrases. It drags a little now and then, and might be played faster; yet, without reaching any very high pitch of humour, it was good enough to please the house almost all throughout. Miss Alexandra Carlisle played very charmingly in the part of Harriet, and shows a very quick development of art, enabling her to take advantage of her delightful physical qualities. Miss Pollie Emery was amusing as a fiery old maid, but her opportunities were few; Miss Elsie Ferguson played agreeably. Quite a hit was made



Cyprienne (Miss Grace George). Henri de Prunelles (Mr. Frank Worthing).

Adhémar de Gratignac (Mr. Richard Bennett).

"DIVORÇONS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: CYPRIENNE'S LOVER INTERRUPTS HER LITTLE DINNER WITH HER HUSBAND.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

by Mr. John Harwood as Wilkins, the Earl's valet; and Messrs. George Shelton, W. H. Post, and A. S. Aspland acted very well.

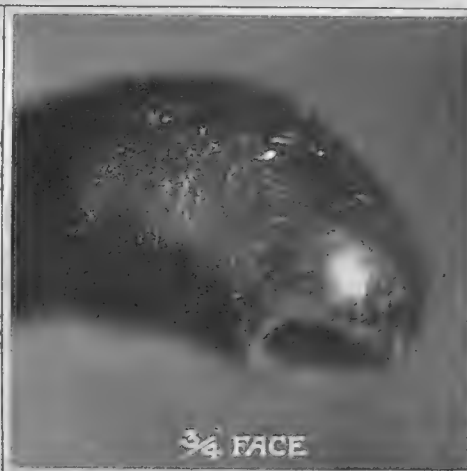
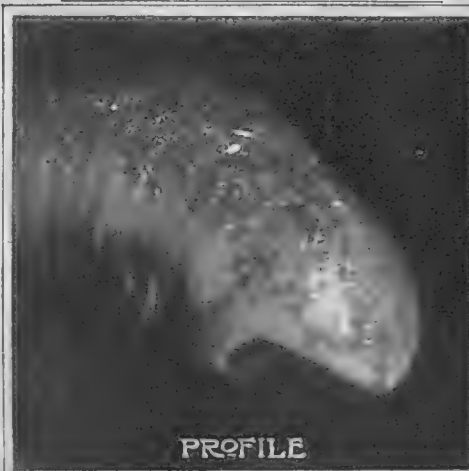
A powerful human play like "The Incubus," concerning real people, affects one a good deal after such a number of puppet-pieces as we have had lately. The vivid, tragic story of the irregular union of the French Professor and the pretty factory girl is handled with a remarkable amount of humour, and the audience was impressed with the truth of the comedy and strong moral lesson taught by it, and also amused by the comedy as clever comic drama. Miss Mabel Hackney gives a brilliant picture of Charlotte, which lifts her quite a whole class in her profession. Mr. C. V. France's work as the Professor is one of the finest pieces of acting given this season. Mr. Nigel Playfair was ingeniously amusing as the elderly man with an ugly old "incubus." Mr. Laurence Irving's little play, "The Phoenix," is a nicely written comedietta with some fine strokes of character in it, and enabled Miss Winifred Emery to act delightfully, and the author to give an admirable performance as a young naval officer. The work shows no little of the talent which, when "Peter the Great" was produced, caused the critics to look upon the author as one of the important coming dramatists. I hope we shall soon see a more ambitious effort than "The Phoenix."

## THE APOLLO SENSATION: THE MYSTERY OF THE LEECH.

No 234.

## METROPOLITAN POLICE

## MISSING

Where. *Stage of Apollo  
Theatre.*When. *Every night...*Sex. *Female.*Name. *Lizzie, the Leech.*Apparent Age. *Uncertain.*Complexion. *Sea-sick green,  
with yellow markings.*Hair. *None.*Eyes. *Invisible.*Dress. *Not known.*

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED: LIZZIE, THE LEECH—A POLICE BILL THAT MAY YET BE ISSUED.

So much interest is expressed in the fate of Lizzie, the Leech, lost regularly every night by Mr. Dan Rolyat in "Tom Jones," that it is possible that one of these fine days we may find the police moving in the matter. With a view to assisting the force, we here reproduce a suggested bill. The amount of the reward must be left to Mr. Rolyat.

Setting by "The Sketch;" photographs (all taken specially for "The Sketch") by A. E. Smith, and others.

## SMALL TALK



WIFE OF A FAMOUS ART-EXPERT:  
MRS. JOSEPH DUVEEN.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Navy, and was immensely popular in the last House of Commons, becomes ensign. The new Brigadiers are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Tweedmouth, and Colonel Gordon Gilmour. The Duke, it is interesting to note, is officially described as "Duke of Lennox, Richmond and Gordon," his Scottish dukedom going first on this occasion only.

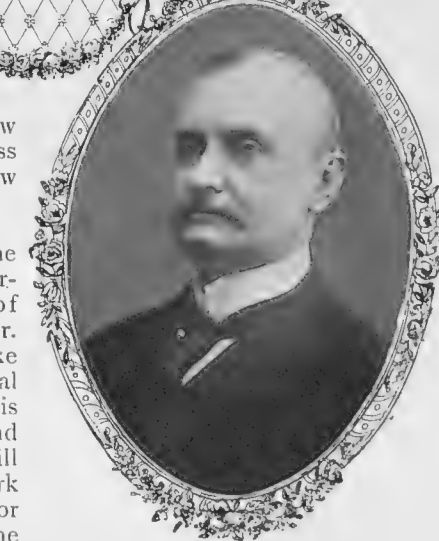
*Mrs. Joseph Duveen.* The beautiful American wife of one of the most famous art experts in the world has been much seen in Society of late. Like so many Americans, her social gifts are highly developed. Mrs. Duveen shares her husband's love of the rare and the exquisite, and her London house is a veritable museum. She is also the happy possessor of some magnificent jewels, including a unique set of matched pearls.

*A Peeress Decorator!* The Peer or Peeress who goes into trade and is willing to announce the fact certainly gets the full benefit of his or her social position. This has been the case with pretty, plucky Lady Auckland, whose newly opened furniture shop in Baker Street has been thronged during the last week by eager would-be customers. Lady Auckland is one of those clever people who can do everything, from breaking in a horse to darning a stocking. She also inherits the histrionic gift of her great-great-aunt, Mrs. Siddons. Many great ladies make a hobby of house furnishing and decorating; indeed, one very charming Countess is seldom more than a single year in any one house, for when she has made a new habitat pretty she immediately sells it to some friend, and seeks out fresh woods and pastures new. Lady Auckland has paid her husband the pretty compliment of calling her new firm after him, one of his names being Morton. Baker Street has been called the Bond Street of Marylebone; already what promises soon to be the most famous furniture emporium in the world

is established there, and now at No. 72 the young Peeress is busy building up her new venture.

*From Shop Clerk to Millionaire.*

One of the most interesting of American millionaires is Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, who, unlike most Transatlantic financial magnates, has made up his mind to retire from business and enjoy life while there is still time. Beginning work as a clerk in a small Baltimore shop or store, Mr. Ryan is now the owner of £20,000,000. A fine, hearty-looking man of slightly over fifty, he made up his mind that the time had come for him to devote



FROM SHOP-CLERK TO MILLIONAIRE:  
MR. THOMAS F. RYAN.

Photograph by the Gilliams Press Syndicate.

some of his keen intellect to wider interests than those simply connected with money, and the fact that he has been disposing of his huge interests in the thirty-five great corporations in which he was interested is said to be partly accountable for the heavy slump in American securities. Mr. Ryan, who is, as his name implies, of Irish origin, wants to go into politics, and he is standing for the American Senate. Should he succeed, he will represent the aristocratic old State of Virginia, where he has a beautiful country home and where he is very popular.

*Le Golf.* The victory of the French golf champion, Arnaud Massey, at Hoylake, proves the progress that our sprightly neighbours make in the royal and ancient game. The time was when a Frenchman who played golf was as rare as a County Councillor at the Aquarium when it was a place of fish, if not a fishy place. But since then the golfing Gaul has become a veritable battalion. It is one of

the causes of the Entente and it is certainly one of the greatest mediums for propagating the tongue of the Bard of Avon. "Fichtre! Que j'ai mal toppt," says Monsieur le Golfleur when he has fozzled his shot. Even the most confirmed Anglo-phobe, if one exists in La Belle France at this moment, could

not help plunging into English if he played golf consistently. Even the cad-dies become adepts. When they are especially pleased with a *pourboire* they swear gently in the idiom, which, it seems, is the highest compliment to the Briton. The ladies, too, have begun to play the game, but, for the life of them, they cannot reconcile themselves to the flat-heeled shoe of the English golfing Miss or Madam. The club regulations are very severe on the point, but that does not prevent the little sharp-heeled shoes of *les belles dames* doing damage to the soft velvety greens.



A PEER'S WIFE TURNS SHOPKEEPER: LADY AUCKLAND (X), WHO HAS OPENED A FURNITURE-DEALING AND DECORATOR'S BUSINESS IN BAKER STREET, TALKS TO A CLIENT OUTSIDE HER SHOP.

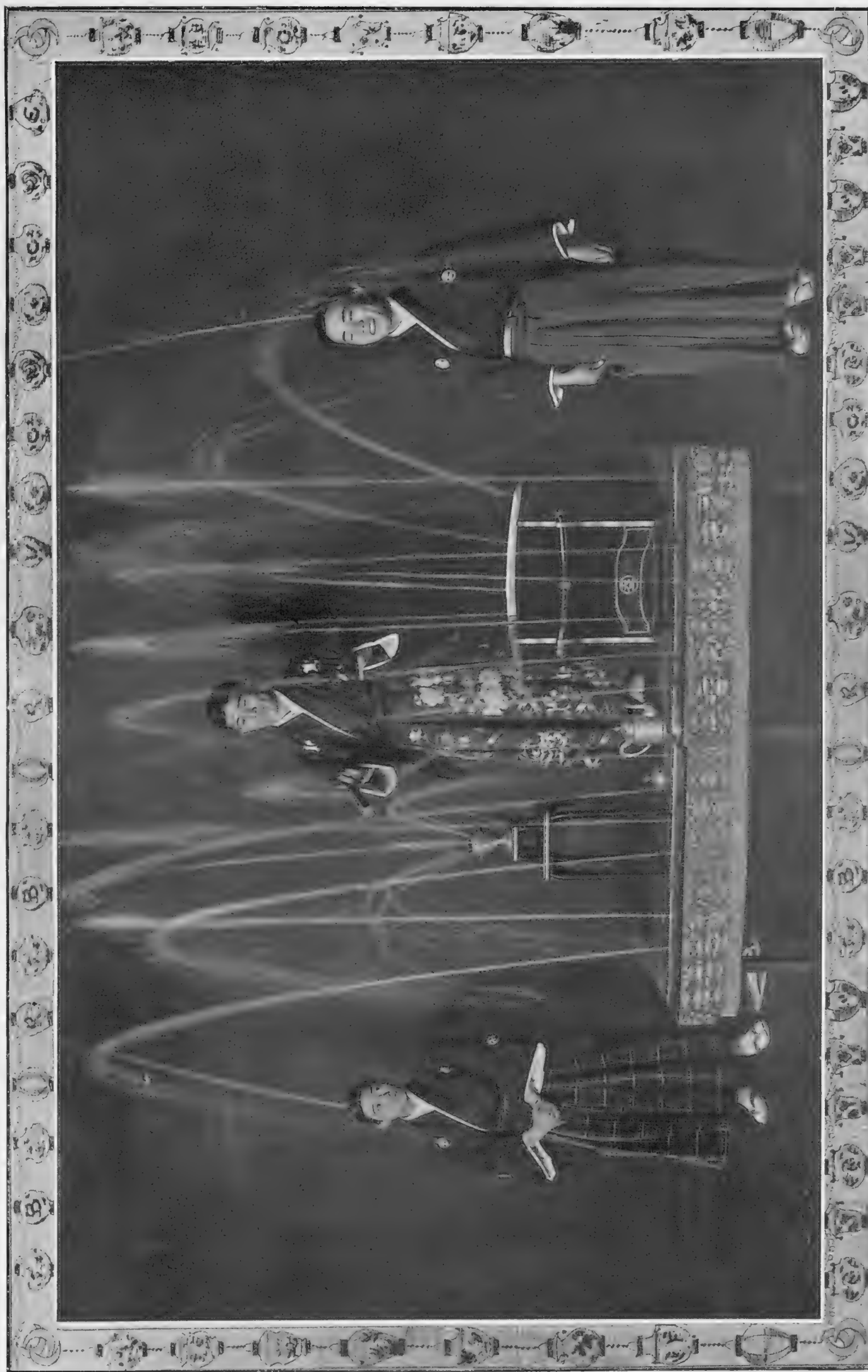


A PEERESS'S SHOP: LADY AUCKLAND'S FURNITURE SHOP IN BAKER STREET.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

# WATER FROM THE EDGE OF A SWORD: AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF CONJURING.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



A TROUPE OF JAPANESE MAKING WATER APPEAR FROM THEIR HEADS, FROM THE EDGE OF A SWORD, AND FROM A FAN.

The feat illustrated, a veritable miracle of conjuring, is causing a good deal of interest and discussion in Berlin. The Japanese troupe make streams of water appear from their heads, from the edge of a sword, from a fan, and, indeed, from all sorts of apparently impossible places.—[Photograph by Zander and Lohndorff.]



"THE HUNGARIAN SARGENT," WHO IS PAINTING THE KING: MR. PHILIP LASZLO.

Photograph by A. Werner.

a niece of Lord Iveagh, has naturally made him intimate with many members of the great Irish world. He speaks English well, and expresses himself on art matters with vigour and directness. Mr. Laszlo's object is always to paint a sitter in what may be called familiar guise; and he was fortunate in persuading our Sovereign to sit to him in a frock-coat instead of in one of the stiff uniforms seen only on official occasions. Mr. Laszlo, though devoted to his native country as only Hungarians can be, intends to spend a few years in Paris, where he studied in his early youth, which may well be called, from the artistic point of view, "the hub of the universe."

#### *Royalty en Voyage.*

The King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales will spend much of the first half of July in travel. Their Majesties will be at Dublin this day week (10th), and it is said that they will get such a reception as has never yet been accorded to a British Sovereign and his Consort. The Heir-Apparent will honour Scotland while his parents are similarly engaged in Erin. He will be the guest, together with the Princess, of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, interesting as having been the place where Queen Victoria held the only Scottish Drawing Room, early in her reign. Before starting on their various travels, the Royal Family will be gathered together at what promises to be the most brilliant Court held since the Accession. This takes place next Friday (5th), and the many royal visitors now enjoying a holiday in England will be present.

*A Lucky Baby.* As most people are aware, that child born during its parents' tenure of office as Mayor and Mayoress is always presented by the Corporation and Burgesses with a silver cradle. This pleasant fate has befallen the baby daughter just born to Lord and Lady Shaftesbury. The popular young Peer and his accomplished Countess, who is a sister of the Duke of Westminster, have made themselves greatly liked and esteemed in Belfast during Lord Shaftesbury's Mayoralty of the famous Irish town, and so we may be sure that the silver cradle will



ENTITLED TO A SILVER CRADLE FROM THE CORPORATION OF BELFAST: LADY SHAFTESBURY AND HER BABY DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Lafayette.

## CROWNS · CROWNETS · COURTIER

THE King is not nearly as fond of sitting to artists as are many royal personages—in fact, his Majesty seldom gives sittings for his portraits. He has, however, made an exception in favour of Philip Laszlo, the great Hungarian painter, whom many French critics regard as the equal of Sargent. Mr. Laszlo has painted innumerable members of the Austrian Imperial Family, and also our own Princess Victoria, but he held his first exhibition here quite recently. The fact that his wife is a Miss Guinness,

on this occasion be of very generous proportions.

#### *A Grand Ducal Scientist.*

The hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who is a favourite cousin of our Princess of Wales, for he is grandson to her Royal Highness's only aunt, has gone off to East and Central Africa on a scientific and sporting expedition. He is passionately interested in medical science, and had he been born a second son he would have followed the example of Duke Theodore, and actively entered the medical profession; as it is, he hopes during his absence to investigate the epidemic diseases which ravage German East Africa, and he is accompanied by a distinguished German scientist. Another side of the Grand Duke's versatile mind is concerned with sport. He delights in capturing wild animals alive, and there are in the various German "Zoos" some splendid specimens of lions which he captured on his last expedition to Africa. He is still quite a young man, being, indeed, only twenty-five years of age; he speaks English like an Englishman, and is familiar with all British books of African travel.

#### *Francis Joseph's Favourite Grand-child.*

One of the most accomplished and agreeable of European Princesses, and one who, if the Salic law obtained in Austria, would be an Empress-elect, is Princess Otto of Windisch-Graetz. She was the only daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, and thus she is nearly related through her mother, the Archduchess Stéphanie, to our own royal family. She insisted on making a love marriage to a great Austrian potentate, and her experiment has turned out exceedingly well. She has lately been ill, and will

probably take a trip to the West Indies in order to enjoy a pleasanter, safer convalescence than is possible at home. She is adored by her venerable grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, and it is said to be a source of deep grief to him that he cannot regard her as his successor.

#### *An Elaborate Compliment.*

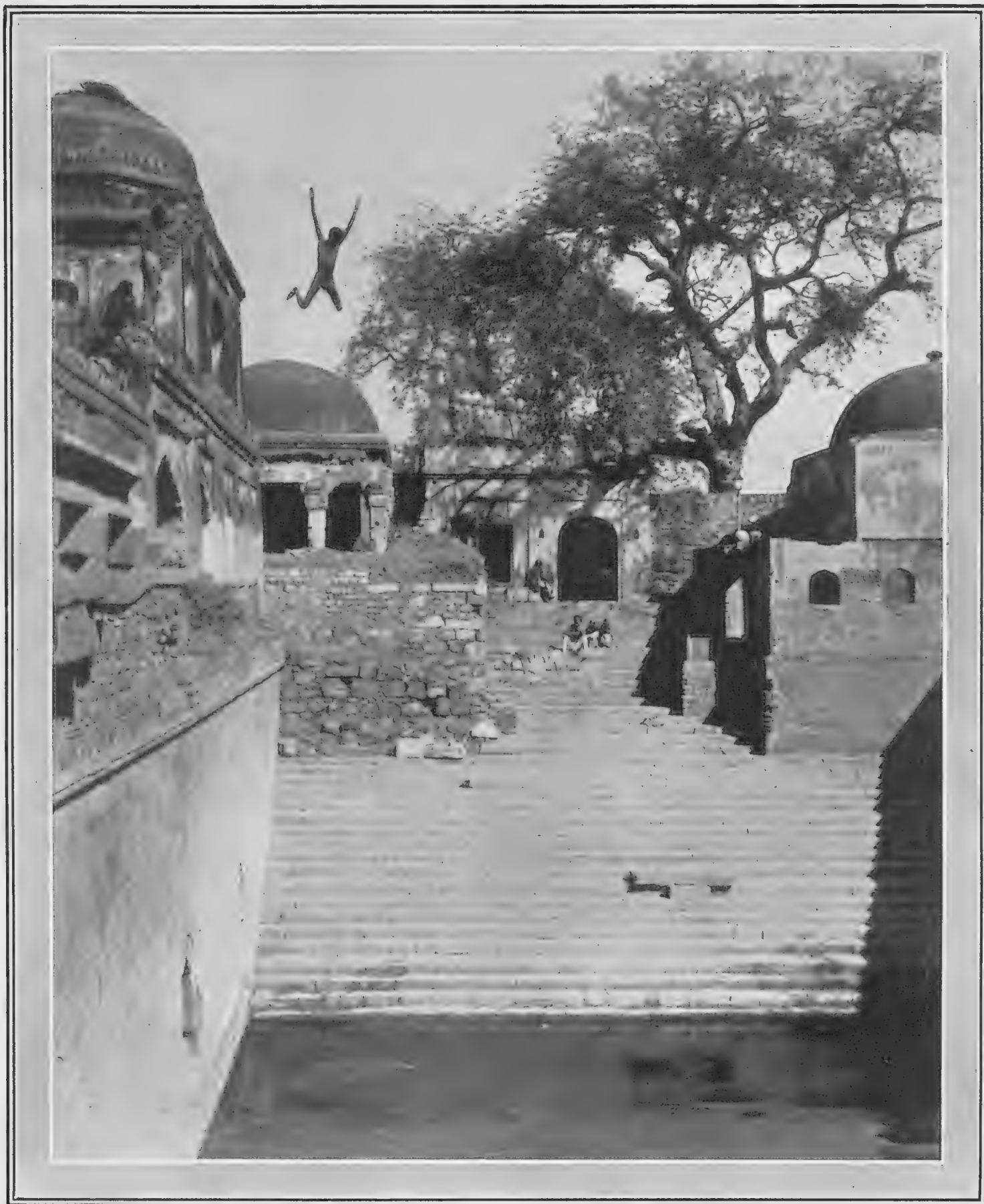


THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S FAVOURITE GRAND-CHILD: PRINCESS OTTO OF WINDISCH-GRAETZ.

Mark Twain has received, as he deserved to receive, praise and honours unstinted since reaching London the other day. Mr. Birrell spoke for the whole of us when he said at the Pilgrims' banquet, "We all love Mark Twain." Our Bard of Empire had, however, been before the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Kipling has paid the humourist-moralist one of the most elaborate and striking compliments ever received by a writer. "He put his hand upon my shoulder," he wrote of a meeting with Mark Twain. "It was an investiture of the Star of India—blue silk, trumpets, and diamond-studded jewel, all complete. If hereafter, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, I fall to careless ruin, I will tell the superintendent of the workhouse that Mark Twain once put his hand on my shoulder, and he shall give me a room to myself and a double allowance of tobacco."



## DIVING TO PARADISE ?



AN INDIAN PLUNGING FROM A 50-FOOT TOWER INTO A SACRED TANK AT DELHI.

An authority on Indian matters informs us that it is doubtful whether the Indians who dive into the sacred tanks do so as part of a religious rite or not. He himself has never heard the diving described as part of any rite. He has little doubt, however, that the divers have to pay for the privilege of diving into the tanks of the temples, and that some of their gains go into the pockets of the priests.

*Copyright Stereograph by H. C. White Co., London.*



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Undigested  
Jonah.**

Professor McGarvey, of the Kentucky University, having undertaken to prove to a certain Dr. Hoffman that it was not a whale which swallowed Jonah, has asked the Supreme Court of the United States to declare that he has made out his case and won his wager. It is rather a difficult matter to prove a negative; to prove the positive in the case of the whale is also a ticklish matter. That, perhaps, is the reason why an excellent man in Scotland took so circuitous a route in seeking to demonstrate that the absorber of Jonah really was the leviathan of the deep. First, he showed that the possessor of the swallow was not a tiger, nor a lion, nor any other quadruped. What "fush," then, was it? "Aiblins a cod," some of you may say," he remarked. "Na, na, ma freends," he went on, "no' a' the cod in the Moray Firth could hae swallowed in the prophet Jonah. 'Aiblins a saumon,' some others o' ye may say. Na, na, ma freends, no' a' the saumon in the Tay could hae swallowed up Jonah." An old lady, fidgetting in the congregation, here burst in with "Aiblins a whale!" "Haud your tongue, ye auld deevil!" quoth the pastor. "Hoo dar' ye tak' the word o' the Lord out of the mooth o' his servant?"

**Cheek of Price.**

The recent disposal of Napoleon relics has recalled the fact that someone at the Royal Amateur Art Society a little while ago flourished a tooth which once had place in the jaw of the Dictator of Europe. There are many of these post-mortem treasures drifting about the world, and ever and again, as a man tires of his toy, or dies and leaves it to indifferent heirs, into the auction-room they come. Apart from so-called holy relics, the remains of Molière must have yielded as abundant a harvest as any. The relic-collecting ghouls descended in force when the body was removed from the burial-place of St. Joseph to Père-la-Chaise. One cheerful gatherer snatched a tooth, and on all occasions, grave and gay, festive and funereal, flaunted it in a finger-ring. Bold Baron Dénon grabbed a cheek-bone, and mounted it in silver, like any other trophy of the hunt.

**Made in  
Germany?**

The announcement from Ireland that English goods are to be boycotted in the Emerald Isle sounds like

first invented when Captain Boycott was victimised. They knew years and years ago how to boycott, by another name, in Germany. Charles Lever had left his beloved Ireland, and was a more or less diligent student at Göttingen when he heard the first of the system. And then not rents or rates or taxes introduced the matter to his notice, neither did an Irishman. It was a saucy Prussian student who, with his light-blue frock, his clanking sabre, and his cap perched trickily upon the side of his head, sailed in to expound the law upon the subject of the boycott as known to the German undergraduate.

**Offence and  
Expiation.**

His salutation, addressed to some Irishmen, would have brought him one over the head from a shillelagh, for he said, "You are an Englishman." Lever, however, did not argue that point. "You are studying here," the Prussian continued. "You deal for coffee, etc., with Vaust, in the Weender Strasse?" Lever pleaded guilty to this. "Do so no longer," said the intruder, without an added "please" or "thank you." He seemed to think the issue of the edict sufficient, but lest Lever should not fully have grasped the significance of the utterance, he amplified it. "I have lived two years in his house, and on my asking this morning, he refused to lend me twenty louis d'or." Lever, perceiving the drift of the position, politely asked what would happen supposing he did not comply with the injunction. "You will then

fight us," was the answer. "We are forty-eight in number—and Prussians! Adieu."

**General Post.**

A long-borne grievance of the playgoer is being ventilated. The late-comer is being deservedly denounced for the interruption of audience and players for which he is responsible. Than such an untimely interruption nothing can appear more flagrant, unless one be oneself the offender. But

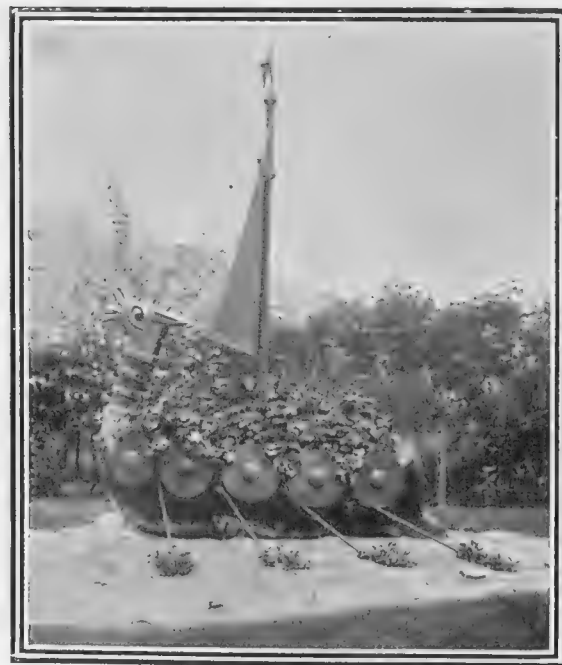
detestable as is the habit, it is less to be reprobated than a trick which was played by some knave at a London theatre whose name is not to be divulged. Not only was he late; he had not even taken the trouble to book his seat. He surveyed a packed auditorium, and the sight of so many people quietly enjoying the feast for which they had paid and waited failed to appeal to his ungenerous heart. No; he simply cried aloud, "Mr. Smith's house is on fire!" At once men arose in all parts of the house and fled, and there were more seats instantly at his command than money beyond computation could have secured.

**THE WHAT-IS-IT: CREATED BY AN EXPLOSION.**

"This remarkable photograph," says our correspondent, "was taken in Sir John Jackson's works at Simon's Town. It is assumed that it was blown up whilst the blasting operations were in progress, and at first glance at the picture one really imagines it to be a petrified animal of the prehistoric age, but it really turns out to be the remains of a tree-trunk."

**A GIANT "WISE, OR ENLIGHTENED ONE": THE  
ENORMOUS BUDDHA AT PEGU, BURMAH.**

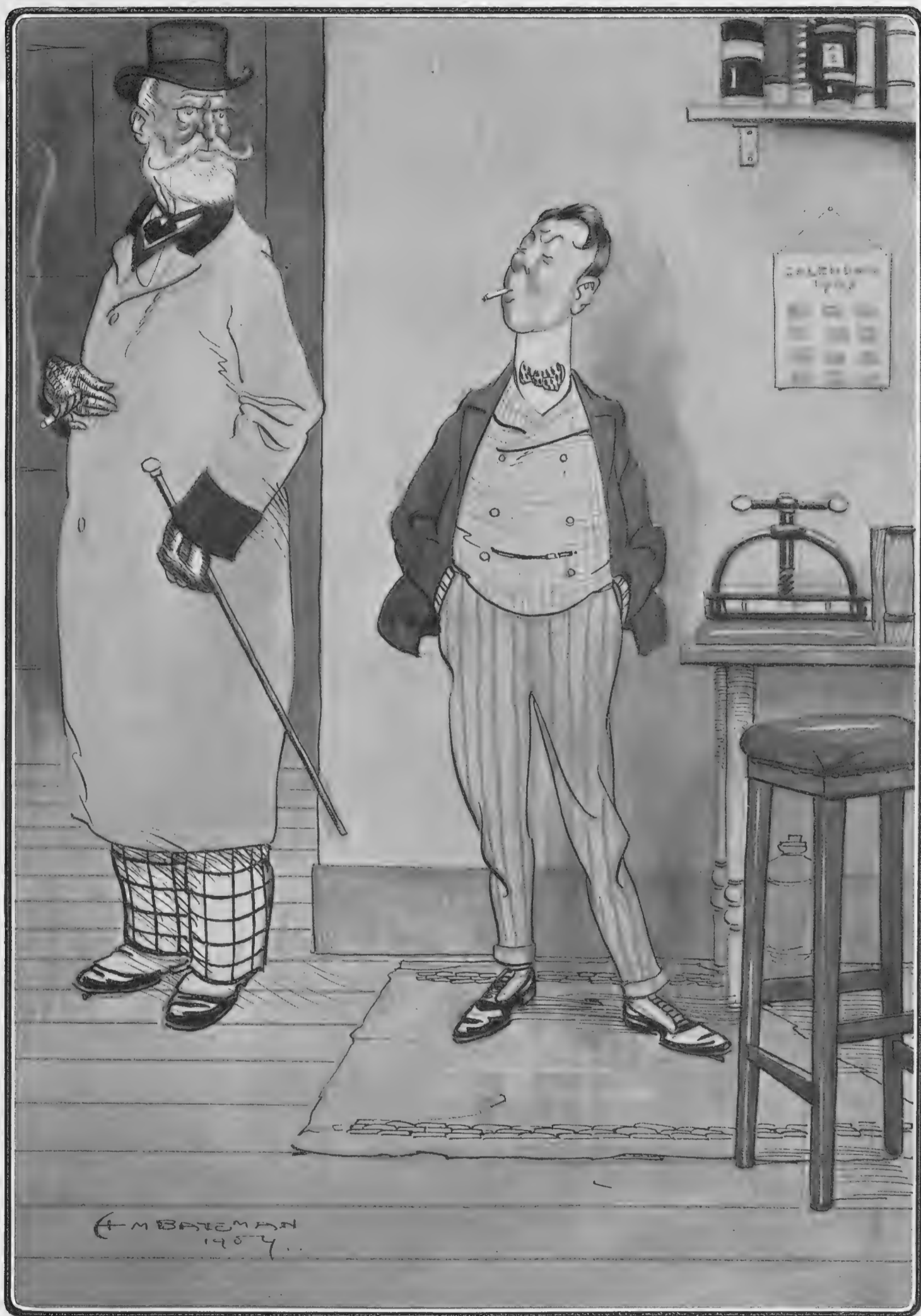
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**A STRANGE GARDEN ORNAMENT: A VIKING SHIP OF  
SAND AND CEMENT.**

The "vessel," which is over 6 feet long, is painted green and brown, and the waves are blue-green and white. It is planted with geraniums, and is to be seen in the gardens of Frau von Goldammer, at Baden-Baden.

an echo of the early 'eighties, when Boycott was spelt with a capital B, and stood for the name of the first man against whom the trick was practised. What was the name for the act before a proper noun was converted into a verb? The word has passed into the language of all civilised people, but the act of boycotting was not

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE !



THE CALLER (*a stickler for politeness*): Is Mr. Smith in?

THE OFFICE GENTLEMAN: No!

THE CALLER No No, what?

THE OFFICE GENTLEMAN: No bloomin' fear.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE thin line of demarcation which is sometimes drawn between a play and its production is strikingly demonstrated by Miss Fannie Ward, who has just made so splendid a success in "In the Bishop's Carriage," at the Waldorf. She knew of the play in New York when she was acting, also with success, in Mr. Hartley Manners's piece, "A Marriage of Reason." Talking over the possibility of a production at the Waldorf with Mr.

Klaw, of the New York firm of Klaw and Erlanger, she remembered "In the Bishop's Carriage," only—she could not recall its name. All she could recollect was a line in the play, one of the heroine's—"Give a fellow a cigarette." At midnight she remembered having heard that Mr. Charles Cartwright controlled the rights. Immediately she sent a telegram to him asking whether he had a play in which the line which she quoted occurred. Next morning Mr. Cartwright wired that he had the play, and was forwarding it. Miss Ward read it, and was so struck with it that she wanted Mr. Klaw to read it at once. The only time he had to spare was the following Saturday afternoon, when he was taking Miss Ward's little daughter to the "Zoo." Miss Ward arranged to read the play to him at the "Zoo" while the child went about with a



A FASHION THAT FAILED: MLE. ANNA HELD IN HER FLOWER-ROPE DRESS.

Probably no French actress has set more Paris fashions than the charming artiste Mlle. Anna Held, whose photograph appears above. Some time ago Mlle. Held appeared at a dance in a novel "flower-rope" dress invented by herself. But, although the idea was largely copied, and flower-rope dresses were seen displayed in the windows of most of the leading Parisian modistes, the idea, not unnaturally, did not "catch on" with the well-dressed Parisienne.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

companion. When Miss Ward arrived at the "Zoo," however, she found that she had left the manuscript behind her. She hailed a cab and drove back to the hotel where she had been lunching, but found that it was not there. Then she drove back to the "Zoo" in despair, for a final answer had to be given about the taking of the Waldorf Theatre that day, and, as cabmen have twenty-four hours before they need take lost property to Scotland Yard, and Scotland Yard is not open on Sunday, Mr. Klaw would have lost his option on the theatre had he waited until Monday. Just as they were in despair the cabman drove up. He had found the manuscript in the cab, and had, with all convenient speed, returned in the hope of finding Miss Ward, with the result which everyone knows.

If the situation was almost tragic to those concerned, the episode was also not lacking in the element of comedy. Miss Ward saw a secluded seat, and she and Mr. Klaw occupied it while she read the play to him. She had got to the dramatic situation at the end of the second act when her voice was drowned by a roar which was repeated again and again. Then she discovered that they were sitting just by the lions' house, and, as she humorously remarked, while she could make herself heard against human actors, she found it impossible to make headway against lions.

Mr. Auguste Van Biene, who is rapidly approaching his 5000th performance of "The Broken Melody," unfortunately had to cancel his engagement at the Camden Theatre last week in order to undergo a surgical operation. His success in the play is a constantly increasing one, while the difference in the favour with which the work is now received and that bestowed on it at the beginning of its career is vividly demonstrated in the case of Birmingham. When it was first played there the receipts for the week were about £60. On the last visit—its twenty-first—the receipts were £1200.

While playing the piece at the Standard Theatre some little time ago, one of the members of Mr. Van Biene's company overheard a little Jewish shoeblack wondering how he should spend his sixpence on a Saturday night. "Heads, it's a doss; tails, I go to see 'The Broken Melody,'" he said. He spun the coin and looked at it. "Tails," he said regretfully; "no doss." Then his face brightened. "Never mind; I shall hear 'The Broken Melody,'" and he went into the theatre.

Probably few, if any, of her admirers are aware of the fact that Miss Connie Ediss's trip to South Africa nearly had a fatal termination. With her husband and a few friends, she had motored some little way from Johannesburg to go for a picnic. Arrived at their destination, Miss Ediss found a pleasant seat by a broken-down old wall, and was lunching pleasantly off the typically dramatic fare of chicken, salad, and champagne. Suddenly she looked round, and, to her amazement and horror, saw a large snake rearing its flat-hooded head high into the air from a circle formed by the lower part of its body. Naturally Miss Ediss screamed. Her husband, who was on his back hammering something under the motor-car, asked what was the matter. "A snake!" cried Miss Ediss. Thinking she was having some fun, her husband entered into the spirit of the thing, and said, "Nonsense! It's the champagne makes you think you see a snake." "It's a real snake, I tell you!" cried Miss Ediss. The alarm in her voice told her husband that Miss Ediss was not playing a joke on him. In another moment he was out from under the motor, the friends were on their feet, and in a very short time the snake, which was of an exceedingly venomous character, was killed. Its skin was taken off and tanned, and of a portion of it Miss Ediss's husband is having a cigar-case made as a memento of a day's picaresque which might have been fraught with pain.



DRESSED IN A SINGLE PIECE OF LACE: LA BELLE OTERITA IN HER £1500 "GOWN."

A novelty in stage costume has been introduced by the popular Spanish actress, La Belle Oterita, who appeared recently with great success, in a scene at a Spanish theatre, clad in a single piece of lace worth £1500. By the aid of safety-pins and brooches, the actress managed to drape the lace in such a way as to give the audience the impression of a smart Paris frock. La Belle Oterita claims that, given a beautiful piece of lace large enough, she can arrange it in so many different ways that her audience will believe for a month that she is wearing a different frock every night.

# THE GENTLE ART OF TRAINING A SERVANT.

BY ONE WHO PROFESSES TO KNOW.



HINT V.—AFTER A LITTLE EXPERIENCE, SHE CAN BE LEFT WITH CHILDREN IN HER CARE. SHE CAN ALSO BE TRUSTED TO CONTINUE HER DUTIES IN THE ABSENCE OF HER MISTRESS.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE quandary of the moths has come round again. Stevenson described the futility of saving them from the flames of lamp or candle so long as he kept his window open to summer air and summer stars. No sooner was one shabby creature handed out into the darkness than another hastened, on immaculate wings, to its bright fate, until at last the tender-hearted inventor of John Silver, and other prototypes of gentle Captain Hook, put by his papers. That was when summer was the season of heat. But even in 1907 it has not been always comfortable to work with closed windows. The transitory moth, therefore, must burn, or we must put out candles, and a hundred masterpieces remain unwritten.

Remembering that the style is the very man, it is not surprising that Walpole, like Stevenson, experienced the moth. For here and there, in the most delightful letters that have ever been written by man to man (Swift's were to two girls) there is a phrase or a chance conjunction of words that has a very Stevensonian touch. Walpole's lamentations over gout, too, have much the same sound and much the same humour as Stevenson's in a wayside prison: and the moth fluttered on the nerves of each. Stevenson's tale is too well known to quote, but here is Walpole's—

I met a rough officer at his (Mr. Hawkins') house t'other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for in the middle of conversation he rose, and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know that the Methodists had any principles so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too.

Walpolé, let us remember, lived in the days of public executions, when the well-meaning robber of the road was rewarded with a halter—unless, indeed, Horace Walpole was present to plead mercy, as he did in the case of an assailant of himself.

Break the seal of Walpole's letters, and it is difficult to break with Walpole. A story of Mr. Martin, the painter, which does not enjoy the familiarity of Mr. Austin Dobson's pleasant "Horry" biography, may well be extracted from the correspondence. Walpole and Gray, dining with Sir Horace Mann in Florence, were disturbed by a visitor—

Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whose attire was not certainly correspondent to the greatness of his birth, entered, and informed the British Minister that one Martin had left a challenge for him at his house for having said Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have spoke of the duel before the transaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his etc., would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to inquire of his Excellency. We laughed a loud laugh, but unheard; his fright or his nobility had closed his ears. But mark the sequel; the instant he was gone my very English curiosity hurried with me to the gate of St. Gallo; 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but cross, with beard unshaved and hair uncombed, a slouch hat, and a considerable red cloak, in which was wrapped under his arm the fatal sword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I started my head out of the coach, just ready to say, "Your servant, Mr. Martin," and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he

would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the more it grew past the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts, and confused hopes of victory or fame, of his unfinished pictures, or his situation upon bouncing into the next world.

"'Twas a pleasant sight," says Walpole, "as we knew the poor painter was safe." Thinking of it afterwards, Walpole was inclined to believe that only two Englishmen could have been capable of such a jaunt. The holiday season is kept with less sophistication now—unless, indeed, the sham fight supplies imaginary fevers of fighting on a large scale.

Huysmans died wisely, in a literary sense, for he desired that nothing should be published from the papers left upon his tables and in his desks, except such things as he had already prepared for the Press. Studies, or histories, of three Paris churches are among the works which will see the light; and, judged by the standard of "Les Foules de Lourdes," a book intensely interesting in its sincerity and style will be added to French literature. The random Paul Verlaine was probably less orderly in the arrangement of his affairs. The "Voyage en France par un Français," if we may trust the har-binger rumour, is an essay in desultory composition.

Desultory reading, someone said, is better than Oxford or Cambridge; and desultory writing may be valuable enough. It is such stuff as leaks into letters, or drips on to stray leaves, that often holds a great deal of the writer's personality. Swift's Journal to Stella, while it is also much more, is a fine example of desultory writing; and it is terrible to think that, had Swift possessed the particularity of Huysmans, we should have known nothing of the prankish Dean or of the "little language" which transforms a satirist into the most human and affectionate of men. Indeed, Huysmans' interdict in the matter of his letters is not easily forgiven, for letters, when their writer

passes from life, become as little personal as postcards. They are for all the world to read. How would Browning's be missed, and Mrs. Browning's, Rossetti's and Keats', and Stevenson's! Indeed, a library without letters is too barren a thought to be endured; for the letter is the man.

So the *Monthly Review*, which has held the Street ghosts, is itself to be a flitter. It, too, passes into the shades. I shall miss its blue embossed cover month by month, its noble type, its touch with essential literary things, its occasional fine poems, its papers of original criticism. It catches Mr. Hardy a clout as it vanishes into the glooms. It stings and dies; but even Mr. Hardy will grudge its going—he would rather it lived, even were he to be stung again. Murray, to whom Providence (nothing less portentous) gave the *Quarterly*, has not otherwise been happy in the periodicals of that great house, even from the days of the *Representative*. There is an asthma for magazines in the very air of Albemarle Street.—M. E.



THE CLERGYMAN: Well, Hartley, I hear you paid five pounds for that dog?

HARTLEY: Ay, Parson, an' he's a champion ratter an' all.

THE CLERGYMAN: Don't you think that it would have been better to buy a pig?

HARTLEY: Ah, now, I should look a chump ratten' with a pig, shouldn't I?

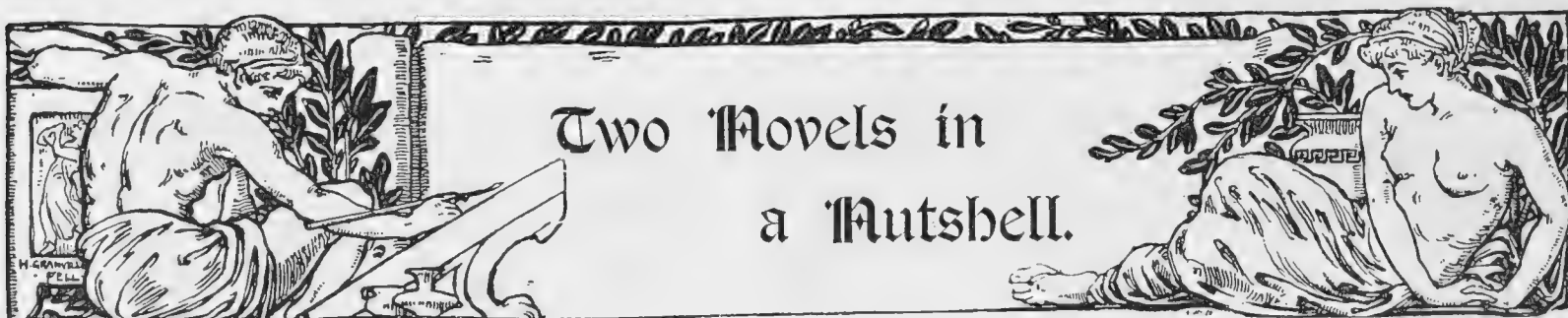
DRAWN BY F. LYNCH.

THE CHANNEL-STEAMER FEELING.



VERTIGO.

DRAWN BY S. BAGIOT DE LA BERE.



## A COUNTRY IDYLL.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

THEY lived in a village which had been planned according to the water-colour drawings of Birket Foster. The leaves and the grass were very green, and so were they. The cows had an innocent air, which they, from long contemplation, had copied most accurately. He, whose name might have been Strephon, but was not, was the son of a clergyman, but, lacking opportunities, had not strayed from the paths of virtue. She, whose name might have been Phyllis, but also was not, was the niece of two old maiden ladies who suffered from much piety and rheumatism. There was so little that was exciting and so much that was dull in this village, where they devoutly prayed to be delivered from temptation and never gave up longing for its advent, that the two, whom we may call Strephon and Phyllis, because they were otherwise named, fell in love. Phyllis was a little frightened at first, and was glad, which showed that she was feminine even in a village where the distinctions of sex consisted mainly in the fact that men drank beer and women tea. Strephon, from many readings of the poets, was a little disappointed. He would have been a great deal more disappointed if he had been able; but the world—which to him meant a crooked street, some cottages, and a church—was not given to violent emotions, and he felt that it would be indecorous. So every night as he kissed Phyllis on the cheek—he used to alternate the cheeks each week-day and caress both on Sundays by way of variety—he was conscious of a slight feeling of disappointment, which was vague, and suggested a comfortable melancholy.

Strephon from a youth grew into a man, for Time did not forsake the village. His father, the clergyman, who preached the same sermon with different words twice every Sunday and made the same speech with slight verbal alterations at every function, was poor, and therefore saved money by teaching his son. When the time came that Strephon broached with many fears the question of forsaking the parental roof and going forth into the real world, the father was overjoyed and wept. The people said it was from sorrow, but it was not, for sorrow and joy are near akin. Therefore Strephon departed with the parental blessing, and little else. Phyllis was outwardly inconsolable, but inwardly pleased, for Strephon promised that when his fortune was made he would send for her to help him spend it; and she, in the innocence begotten of green fields and milk, believed him. When he kissed her on both cheeks, and she remembered that in the right order of things it should have been the left cheek only, she wept more vehemently, for she knew that an untoward event had come into a very commonplace life.

In the great Babylon Strephon toiled much and gained little but experience, which was neither sustaining nor profitable. He had little to offer in the great market but a few bad verses and his youth. The verses they returned to him with thanks, and his youth they took from him. He found that starvation was very sharp. Presently, having some natural ability, which had only been overgrown by the weeds of idleness and innocence, he awoke, and the waking was as that on a grey morning when the cold rain is washing the windows.

"I have offered them that which they did not understand. I have written of things which are seen only of the young and known only to the innocent. I have made a stand for the good which does not exist, and the right which to-day has joined hands with the

wrong and gone a-jigging merrily with its companion. To-morrow I will tell them of what they know. I will photograph their vices and their meannesses; I will probe the inner mysteries of evil and deck them out bravely in bright array. I will re-label my wares. I will call virtue vice, and vice virtue. I will strip the labels from love and duty and friendship, and hang them round the necks of passion and expediency and self-love. I will make a mock of the things I have held sacred, and show that innocence and ignorance are the same."

With this wise resolve Strephon went again into the great market, and the public bought greedily of his wares. They acclaimed him as a great man. When he was faithful unto their own vices they said, "See how cleverly he portrays the characters of our neighbours!"

So Strephon built him a big house and dwelt in it, and saw many strange things in the great Babylon. Sometimes it happened that he met innocence in a young maid or a youth, and after he had whispered some of his knowledge to them he saw that innocence was dead. Which was all the better, for after all, innocence and ignorance are the same, and ignorance is a grievous complaint.

Sometimes in the quiet of his own room the memory of the days when he had kissed Phyllis upon the cheek knocked at the doors of his heart like the comfort of a half-remembered dream. And then his mind grew heavy, and he sorrowed for the thing that he had been and could never be again, and was sad at the thought of Phyllis waiting, with the aunts who had piety and rheumatism, for the Strephon who never came. Which was unworthy of his newly acquired knowledge. For Phyllis had found another, who was neither green like the fields, nor simple like Strephon, who kissed her on the lips and was bolder, who frightened her very much more than poor Strephon, and consequently made her all the more glad. For Phyllis learned even in the quiet village that it is very much better to have what you can than to wait for what may never come. This knowledge did not come to her at once; but wondering one day what she herself would do were she in Strephon's place, she saw how very improbable it was that he would return, and therefore lost her belief in him and some of her innocence.

One night the dead soul of Strephon awoke, and he saw how vain all things were. That is what he said happened, for it sounded more euphonious and more comely than the bare narration of the fact that he was tired. For if the truth be known, virtue dwells only with the very young, and those who are old. Strephon was not old save in his heart, and that had shrivelled a great deal and was quite hard. But he had lost the sense of life, and, being tired, thought longingly of the village and the crooked street and the grass and the other green things. Besides, he had enough of the world's goods for luxury, and he knew that the best pew in the church would be his. And his father would forgive him his written trespass against truth because of the wealth and the divine command to forgive injuries. Strephon laughed a little when he remembered that we generally forgive those injuries which affect others, and are prone to remember our own. And, above all, in the village was Phyllis, and he believed in her as all men do believe in women

[Continued overleaf.]

FLOWERS — NOT BY REQUEST !



THE PARENT OF THE CHE-ILD: Did yer tell 'im yer was an orphan?  
THE CHE-ILD: Yus.  
THE PARENT OF THE CHE-ILD: What did 'e give yer?  
THE CHE-ILD: Guv me these flowers ter put on the grave.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

whom they desire to honour by making their wives. It seems no discouragement to others that many are deceived.

Therefore, one day he went back to the village which held the charm of the one true woman he had found. And in a meadow that was starred with daisies he met her. She, with a joyful cry—which was half real, for the other had left her yesterday—threw herself into his arms. At which he wondered, for she had used to be timid, but was glad, for it showed how full of thoughts of him had been the interval which he had filled with something else.

That night Phyllis burnt many things which belonged to the interval, and carried the memory of them carefully preserved in her heart. In a few weeks Strephon was united to Phyllis, amid the prayers of the pious and rheumatically aunts and the jubilant pastor-father of the bridegroom. And Phyllis brought to Strephon the memory of the burnt things which belonged to the interval; and Strephon endowed her with his worldly goods, some broken hopes, a vast experience, and a tendency to gout.

And they lived happily ever afterwards.

## JOHN PRINGLE'S CHANCE.

BY ALICIA RAMSEY.

JOHN PRINGLE was a man with a sad face and curious eyes. His wife said that he was a genius; his friends said he was a fool; he himself said he was an ass. As a matter of fact, he was all three, but if there was anything to choose between the definitions, it was John Pringle who was right.

When he was a boy, John Pringle wanted to go into the Church. His ambition was to be eaten as a missionary by the gentle savage beyond the Southern seas. His mother, who had dreamed dreams of seeing her son in a round collar and a soft felt hat, openly encouraged the boy to put his pennies into the missionary-box, and wept in secret at the thought of her Johnny being roasted on a spit.

Three years later, however, having visited the wicked pantomime by stealth for the first time, John Pringle informed his horrified parent on his return that he didn't want to be a missionary any longer, but intended to become a clown. John Pringle's mother made the boy write out the Ninety-third Psalm, and fell on her knees and thanked Heaven privately when her Johnny had been dismissed to an early and impenitent bed.

At the age of sixteen, John Pringle quarrelled with his rich uncle, who had given him a clerkship in tea, and sold himself body and soul to a touring theatrical company for ten "bob" a week. In order to make things easy for John Pringle materially, the rich uncle renounced him, and his mother wrote enclosing a half-crown postal order for expenses, and said her Johnny had broken his affectionate mother's heart.

John Pringle slept with the letter under his pillow, and sent the postal-order back. Incidentally he wrote to his rich uncle, and wished him a prosperous journey to a place where clerkships cease from troubling and rich uncles are not at rest.

It was about this time that John Pringle's eyes began to look curious and John Pringle's face began to look sad.

For five years John Pringle remained in the same company; then he fell in love. She had an artificial colour, an unnatural waist, and a knowing eye. She agreed to marry John Pringle when his salary should reach the fabulous sum of thirty "bob" a week. Meantime, she carried John Pringle's ring in her purse instead of on her finger. She said that if the stage-manager knew of her engagement it might spoil her chance.

John Pringle knew all about chances. He was waiting for his own. He agreed, when the stage-manager chucked his betrothed under the chin at rehearsal, that he would look the other way.

While he looked his betrothed ran away with the stage-manager. She also ran away with John Pringle's engagement ring—not inside her purse.

As the reward of virtue John Pringle spent five weeks in a Dublin Hospital. The doctors said it was nervous exhaustion; John Pringle knew it was a wounded heart. When he got up John Pringle's eyes were still more curious and John Pringle's face was still more sad.

Fifteen years passed, and John Pringle was still waiting

for his chance. It was a pleasantry among his fellows to send him humorous postcards from managers of London theatres asking him to give them an interview with a view to his playing the leading part. John Pringle invariably answered the postcards, and invariably smiled pleasantly when the indignant managers enclosed his postcard in their reply letters. It was while he was answering a bogus advertisement, indeed, that John Pringle met his fate.

John Pringle's fate was young and slender, with a fluctuating colour, an overstrained heart, and a sensitive mouth. Within a month John Pringle had married her. Their joint incomes at that time represented the interesting sum of thirty-five shillings a week. During their "waits" at rehearsal they would sit and hold hands in corners, and whisper together of what they should do when John Pringle got his chance. He was to play Hamlet, and she was to wear white satin and diamonds, and sit in a box and applaud.

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. John Pringle starved.

At the end of a year John Pringle became a father. Basing his claim to consideration on the merits of that interesting fact, John Pringle laid his long apprenticeship before the manager and asked him for a rise. The manager clapped John Pringle on the back, gave him a whisky-and-soda, and told him not to talk such rot. John Pringle refused the whisky-and-soda, and went home to Mrs. John Pringle and lied. He said that, by virtue of becoming a father, he had been raised ten "bob" a week. Mrs. John Pringle had beef-jelly and oysters to celebrate the occasion, and chatted gaily in the twilight of the future that awaited the baby now that his father had begun to get his chance. Four days later, John Pringle, who had starved himself to a shadow, fainted at rehearsal and was sent home in a four-wheeled cab.

The shock upset John Pringle. It also upset John Pringle's wife. A week or two later, John Pringle went about Birmingham in a brown coat supplemented by a band of crape. A week later, the little John Pringle, not finding a patent food as administered intermittently by an intermittent landlady sufficiently interesting, most conveniently died. The ladies and gentlemen of the company and the manager sent a wreath of orchids which, converted into beef-jelly and oysters, would probably have saved John Pringle's wife. They said, "It was quite a romance."

The day after the baby's funeral John Pringle got his chance.

He played the part of a boy of twenty who came in for a large fortune and married the girl of his heart. A great dramatist who unexpectedly witnessed the performance went round after the act and enthusiastically demanded his name.

"The very man I've been looking for," cried the great playwright, looking delightedly into the gay young face. "Such *entrain*! such dash! In heaven's name, where did you learn it? You can't be much more than a boy."

John Pringle took off his wig and smiled. The little hair he had was white.

THE END.

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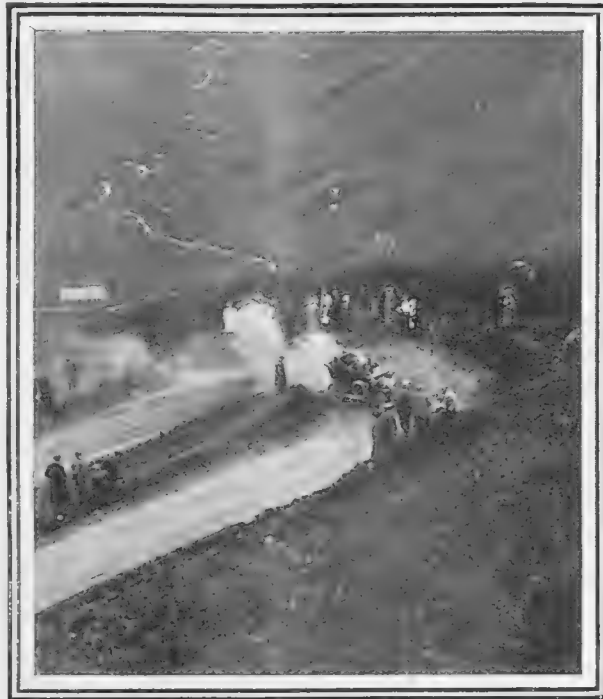


WANTED: A NEW TRIAL—"THE SILVER GHOST" SUPPLIES IT—THE SCOTTISH TRIALS—RACING AS AN ART.

IT would be thought almost impossible to devise a new form of motor-car test or trial, so numerous have been the schemes and so various the objects of these undertakings. So far as the purchasing public is concerned, the sensational trial, or even the long-distance trial for long-distance's sake alone, has almost had its day. What is wanted is some more practical form of test, something that will convey a knowledge of what may be looked for by anyone buying a motor-car, and running it, as the average man runs his car, year in, year out, for both business and pleasure. An admirable method of affording such knowledge to the public has been conceived by Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited, who are now running a 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce car in a somewhat novel form of trial. This car has been christened "The Silver Ghost," primarily by reason of her absolute silence in running, and secondly, because she is clothed from top to toe, or from bonnet to mudguards, in a sheeny, silvery coat of aluminium paint. The trial in which she is at present engaged consists of a run from London to Glasgow, made in three days, with Derby and Keswick as the first and second objectives, and the Scottish Reliability Trials.

The Silver Ghost was engaged in the trials which were concluded on Saturday last, but the results are not to hand at the moment of writing. On Monday she was to leave Glasgow to complete a total of 5000 miles, covering the following route by day and night until this total is reached. Leaving Glasgow, the road to Berwick is taken, then by Newcastle, Durham, Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Manchester, Tarporey, Newport, via the Watling Street, to Coventry, thence by the Holyhead road to London, and back to Glasgow by exactly the same route, until the total of 5000 miles is accounted for. This will all be driven under the observation of the Royal Automobile Club, the observers of the Scottish body having, however, been in command during the 750 miles of the Scotch Trial. From the start for the completion of the whole distance on Monday, the car is never to be off the road until the total is compiled, when she will go into the shops, be completely dismantled, again under Club observation, and the total number of hours taken and the cost of material necessary to put her once more into perfect running order will be fully noted and set out on the Club certificate of the trial.

As I have already mentioned, the results of the Scottish Automobile Club 750-miles five days' trial, which commenced on June 25, and ended on June 29, are not to hand at the moment of writing. No fewer than 106 cars, divided into seven classes, were entered, and all but one or two set out upon the test. Starting from Glasgow, the route covered reached northwards as far as Inverness and Elgin, westwards to Spean Bridge, and eastwards to Aberdeen. Such well-known tourists' points as Grantown, Tomintoul, Braemar, Kenmore, Dal-mally, Aberfeldy, Pitlochry, and Kingussie were touched. The steep and rough ascents of Glencrae (Rest and Be Thankful), the Cairnwell, with its terrible Devil's Elbow up from the Spital of Glenshee, Cairn-o-Mount, Bridge of Avon Hill, and Trinafour Hill, were all the subjects of timed ascents. It is almost a superfluity to dwell upon the extraordinary organisation of these trials. Nothing since the original and never-to-be-forgotten 1000 miles of 1900 has equalled them for the completeness of the arrangements, and smoothness with which everything is carried out. Results, also, are published within a very few days of the conclusions of the trials, so that the performances of the various cars come hot and hot upon the trials themselves, and the public are not wearied by weeks of waiting.



TAKING A HORSESHOE BEND ON THE REST AND BE THANKFUL HILL DURING THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

lessen in successful motor-racing. The F.I.A.T. people have practically reduced this matter to a science, not only by studying machines but by studying men. I do not like to prophesy

before I know, but from what I saw in Germany I shall feel no whit surprised if this "alian stable provides the winner of the Grand Prix. Men and motors are trained to the hour. The F.I.A.T. Company do not snatch men from the bench or the testing-shop, and, putting them behind the wheels of high-powered fliers, expect them to range themselves with men who have made motor-racing the profession of years. Lancia, Nazzaro, and Wagner practically live in the seats of racing-cars, and never lose touch with the subtle address necessary to successful racing. Until such

attention is given to men and machines in this country, we can never expect to approach our Continental rivals in this matter.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)



PASSING A POLICE-TRAP IN SAFETY: AN A. A. SCOUT GUIDING A CAR THROUGH A WELL-PATROLLED DISTRICT NEAR CROSS-KEYS, FRIMWELL, SUSSEX.

The motorists met an A. A. scout, were warned of the trap, and were guided safely through the dangerous part of their drive by the scout in question, who was taken into the car, together with his bicycle.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE ST. LEGER—JOCKEYS—FUTURES.

IT is the general opinion that Orby will win the St. Leger. The Irish colt is said to be capable of improvement, and if he does not suffer from staleness on the day, he is bound to put up a good fight. The followers of Enoch's stable are going solid for Woolwinder, who, they claim, is essentially a long-distance horse. Slieve Gallion is pretty certain to run, but seemingly he is a confirmed non-stayer, and on his Epsom form could have no possible chance of beating either Orby or Woolwinder. The Oaks winner, Glass Doll, is one that might create a surprise. She is nothing to look at, but is bred all right, being by Isinglass—Iota. She ran well at Ascot, and is very likely to be the best three-year-old filly of the year. Adora, by Gallinule—Adulation, who was sent to Ascot but did not run, may be the best horse at Newmarket at the present time for all I know. She is a good-looking filly. However, Gilpin's stable is dead out of form just now, and it would be folly to speculate on her chance until we have seen a winner or two from the Clarehaven Lodge establishment. Alec Taylor, who is often dangerous at Doncaster, could choose from half-a-score candidates, but I do not think that the prize will go to Manton this time. Of the Kingsclere horses entered in the race Dusty Miller cut up badly at Chester, and Miss Gunning II. colt may be Willie Waugh's best. Bezonian is hardly likely to capture the prize for Lord Rosebery, and I doubt if one of the four entered in Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's name will go to the post. All Black, who was inquired after for the Derby, won a race at Ascot, but, on the book, he has no earthly chance of "touching" here. Perhaps Olympian and Altitude are the best of Lord Derby's lot. If so they are not good enough. It is indeed unfortunate

that his Majesty the King has nothing capable of carrying the royal colours to the fore, and apparently Marsh will not have a candidate with anything like a winning chance.

Some years ago, several jockeys were made to stand down owing, it was said, to their having been caught betting on horse-races. The Jockey Club lays down the law that no jockey shall bet, and quite right. I think that the time has arrived when a rule should be passed forbidding any jockey from having anything whatever to do with any bookmaker. It is said that

have to be heavy losers—and there you are. I should add that there are several capable jockeys riding at the present time who are as honest as the day is long, and if they err in race-riding it is because they are over-anxious, and in their endeavour to do the best for their patrons they very occasionally ride what the public terms a bad race. However, they have no use for bookmakers.

But there are others who, in the opinion of some critics, think more of betting results than they do of their masters' interests. A jockey to succeed in his business should philosophically treat a bookmaker as a "common enemy." If he did this he would be certain of lasting in his profession, as he would be running in double harness with his employer. *Verb. sap.*

Anticipating the handicappers is bad enough, but guessing at the chances of horses for future events before they have been entered is terrible to contemplate. No wonder the commission agents are out with offers of £2000 to £1 against guessing the winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Yet I am told they are doing a

roaring trade, as the little punters, as usual, think they know something. The present fancies for the Cesarewitch include The White Knight, who would certainly have won the race last year had he gone to the post fit and well. Beppo, Bridge of Canny, Golden Measure, and Torpoint are recent winners, and as such appeal very forcibly to the little speculator who believes in the book and nothing else. Plum Tree, trained by Taylor, is being waited for by the talent. Unfortunately, last year's winner, Mintagon, has broken down, but the stable could be represented by Spate, who won the Manchester November Handicap last year. William I'Anson knows what is required to win a long-distance handicap, and when he travels south full of confidence he is very hard to beat. Orby may run in this race for Mr. Croker, but I am afraid the Derby winner would get too much weight. Horses talked about for the Cambridgeshire are Dalkeith, who belongs to Lord Westbury; Fra Diavolo, Hallick's smart three-year-old; Polar Star, the Epsom disappointment; and Malua, who ran a respectable third to Lally and Andover for the Royal Hunt Cup. That reminds me, Lally could just stay the distance; while another Ascot runner, Dinneford, would not want for backing, if let in with a fair weight. Morny, who ran second to Forerunner II. for the Wokingham Stakes, is very likely to run well if started over this course, and the same could be said of Champ d'Or, who was short of a gallop or two at Ascot. Honolulu is another that people have been waiting for, and of Gilpin's lot Nero is expected. The race is bound to be a good one, and the winner will, as usual, take some finding.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE ONLY WOMAN TRAINER: MISS MAY WOODLAND, WITH HER BROTHER, PERCY WOODLAND.

Miss Woodland is trainer to Mr. C. R. Hodgson. She recently won seven races in France, her first win there being the Prix de l'Aunis with Whipnade.

one or two of the big layers are very friendly with the jockeys. Why? As the jockeys are not allowed to bet, they can have no use for the bookmakers, unless it is to give them lessons in the art of pronouncing the King's English as she should be spoke. But jockeys cannot, if they would, give much time to bettering their education—that is, the grammatical side of it—and the inference is that, when jockeys and bookies fraternise, they are after the boodle. For either to get any big amount of it, the public would



IN MEMORY OF THE FOUNDER OF A GAME: THE MEMORIAL TO MR. HARRY WRIGHT, THE FATHER OF BASEBALL.

Photograph by the P. J. Press Bureau.

## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Women and Parties.

When wedged into a solid, seething mass of fatigued contemporaries on a Mayfair staircase in July, I have often marvelled at the physical endurance shown at parties by the so-called fragile sex. It is notorious that women-folk love social functions of all kinds, whereas sensible men abhor them, and are only carried along in their wives' train or go from a stern sense of duty. For women of all sizes and ages will endure fatigue, heat, boredom, snubs, vitiated air and unwholesome food simply to "be seen"; and, moreover, they do not seem a penny the worse for it. To be sure, they are given all the rickety gilt-backed chairs at a "concert," while the masculine guests are obliged to rest, like storks, on one leg; but this, it appears, is an eminently unfair arrangement, for the latest scientific discovery shows that woman is capable of greater endurance than man, particularly in bad air. Having a smaller lung-capacity, she requires less oxygen, and produces less carbonic acid than a man of her own weight. In spite of that unpleasant affair in which Othello was implicated, Woman, it appears, is not easily suffocated, and certainly her heroic endurance at balls, evening-parties, and stifling theatres would seem to prove beyond all doubt the truth of this newest scientific hypothesis.

### Royalty and the Jester.

If an author wishes to attain a popularity so universal that even Kings, Queens, and Emperors have heard of him, he must make people laugh: for royalty will have no traffic with your tragic writer. Poets they hold cheap, and historians they prefer at a distance. Thus Mark Twain is perhaps the only living writer of English who has been fêted at Potsdam and has caused exalted sides to ache on the slopes of Windsor. And why not, forsooth? Sitting on thrones (so apt in these days to be lined with bombs) is not all beer and skittles, and shall not a monarch laugh when he can? From time immemorial Kings have owned a jester, and if the jokes of that Court

official sometimes seem a trifle dreary to sophisticated moderns, no doubt they appealed to the sense of humour of their particular period. It is significant that the jester, or Court fool, was invariably a man. Are women, then, without a sense of humour? It is true we can boast of a George Eliot, a Jane Austen, and an "Elizabeth" of the "German Garden"; but we have no female rival of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. I am inclined to think that half the facetious statements now being attributed to the author of "The Jumping Frog" are apocryphal; but I am certain that woman's innate sense of decency in humour would prevent her entering into details with newspaper reporters about her own funeral.

### Clubs and the Roof-Garden.

A new joy has been invented for the town with the roof winter-garden which has been added to the Bath Club. We are so accustomed nowadays to penetrate into the depths of the earth's crust to eat our lunch, dance at a ball, or be whisked from one distant region of this amorphous city to another that it is positively exhilarating to reverse the process, ascend seven storeys in a lift, and take tea under a glass roof with all

London spread out in its grey and green profusion under your eyes below. It is a grandiose spectacle—these masses of blurred grey-blue buildings rising out of vast spaces of verdure; and from the 'vantage point of Berkeley Street, at any rate, one realises that London is pre-eminently a garden city. In short, it is such a delight to discover a new aspect of the town that I foresee the roof-garden (it will have to be covered in England) attaining at once a prodigious vogue. Now that the "Bath" has set the fashion, all Dover Street, and eke Pall Mall, will have to follow suit. The hotels would do well to put their luncheon-rooms in the air instead of in the bowels of the earth, and the possibilities of the roof-garden in private houses are infinite. Warmed, and decked with date-palms and flowering shrubs, it would be an ideal resort in winter, for in many of the mansions now rising to the skies one would be, on the roof, clear above the canopy of smuts and fog.

### Literary Ladies' Maids.

The suggestion of Lady Malmesbury that young persons of culture in search of a career should take to that of lady's-maid is an excellent one. Who has not sighed for a personal attendant with intelligence—a being who might be not only trusted to pack the bodice as well as the skirt of one's gown, but who could answer ordinary notes, give and take intelligible messages on the telephone, and attend to various delicate social matters as one would oneself? Such a treasure, of course, ought not to be expected to sew all day at vague dresses which are always being done up—but are never worn. Her price would be above rubies, but she would probably be content, like most ladies, with a modest salary if she were well treated. The problem of the lady's-maid of birth and breeding would be that of meals. With whom could she sit down to table?

Certainly not with Thomas the footman. Lady Malmesbury once had a "maid-secretary" who travelled with her in various countries and fulfilled these double duties. "We became," declares Lady Malmesbury, "much attached to each other." Unfortunately for the mistress, the maid-secretary married; but thousands of anxious women would be glad to know, like the lady in "The Liars," where and how the servant "dined." In these days of nervous overstrain, it is often a nurse-masseuse combined with maid who is required. "What I want," declared a harassed and overwrought London hostess to me the other day in a moment of candour, "is a keeper who can wave my hair."



A GRACEFUL GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman about-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

SUMMER has so far been a courtesy title and season. For three weeks things have been humming in town; another three weeks and all functions will be over. Well, "A short life and a merry one" is what people say when they are in the middle of it. About their expressions when it is all but over I need not trouble just now. This week there are merry junketings at Henley, which concern the vast Bohemian circles rather than those of Belgravia. What a splendid time they do have! Is there any place where girls look so delightful in dainty summer frocks, or young men more virile and attractive? It is worth visiting Henley if one is played out, wearied with the social round, just to be infected with the spirit of life and gaiety. The colour, the beautiful surroundings, the youthfulness and freshness of it all! Even the fathers and mothers—nay, the grandparents of families, when they go to Henley clothe themselves with the spirit of their youth, if not with its garments. There is nothing like it. An American appreciation, if a little profane, is at least comprehensive: "My! it just beats creation into a strawberry muss!"

As the regatta is a summer function, it leads the way for that al fresco style of dress which so admirably suits our British women and causes them to be summed up as summer girls. The after-season sales are great helps to securing this effect, and are conveniently early now, admitting of preparations for the summer fêtes and summer holidays coming closer every day to most of us. A much-appreciated sale, that of Sykes Josephine, Regent Street, began on Monday, and goes on through the month.

I have always understood that an interview with a Cabinet Minister or an editor is a difficult thing to obtain. Of this I have no experience—an interview with the talented directress of the Cyclax Company's celebrated remedies and preservatives of good looks is more in my line. Time was when that was practically unattainable. Now it can be arranged with a little finesse, such as making an appointment for a Tuesday or Thursday, the days when this great skin specialist, by arrangement with the Cyclax Company, attends at their premises, 58, South Molton Street, for consultations. So great is the demand on the resources of the company that they have now added a large ground-floor atelier, reception-rooms, office, of which an illustration on this page gives a general view. Beauty is one of the best of gifts, to be used and enjoyed. The Cyclax Company, without the use of make-up or any wash or paint or other objectionable applications, treat the skin under the direction of the lady before-mentioned, who previously could only attend to her private clientèle, one including great people all over Europe.

The sale of the season attracts crowds daily to Peter Robinson's vast establishment in Oxford Street. It is really deserving of the definite article, and every woman who has visited the sale is gloating over her purchases. The celebrated firm, always magnificently equipped, made their usual great preparations for the season. Summer

weather has been belated, and the sale of really light things suffered, so that now they are being sacrificed. It is well known that Peter Robinson's buy the finest Paris model dresses. These are offered at less than half price. The magnificent value shown in tweed coats and skirts appeals directly to those preparing for holidays. Beautiful cream-coloured serge river coats, trimmed with cloth and galon, at a guinea, are much appreciated. Then for autumn, squirrel coatees at four guineas, the value of which is six-and-a-half guineas, are bargains much commented on. There are many lots of furs going at wonderfully moderate cost. Unmade robes, very effective and handsome, are being sold for 29s. 6d. and 39s. 6d., which make up into dresses that look worth twenty pounds. In every department of this vast and splendidly managed establishment it is a case of bargains, bargains, and again bargains.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a dress suitable for smart afternoon outdoor parties. It is in soft satin foulard of a rich ivory tone, lightly patterned with rose-pink and black. There is embroidery in these tones on creamy-tinted silk round the tucked chiffon yoke, and forming the neck-band and under-sleeves, also carried down the shoulder-seams. The black chip hat is trimmed with loops of soft rose-pink satin ribbon and paradise birds' feathers, shaded from pink to grey and grey to black.



THE CYCLAX COMPANY'S NEW CONSULTING-ROOM  
AT 58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET.

The Legion of Honour—a rare distinction for an unofficial Englishman—has just been conferred upon Mr. Davison Dalziel by President Fallières. Mr. Dalziel is an

important factor in London and Parisian financial circles, and is head of Dalziel's News, Limited.

The start for the Scottish Reliability Trials was made from Glasgow under good conditions, and the competitors set off with high hopes and good spirits. The route for the first day was via Loch Lomond side, past the Argyll Works, where the company had erected a huge poster, bearing the courteous greeting, "Argylls Wish You Luck," thence to Killin, Kenmore, and Aberfeldy, finishing up for the day at Perth.

For the convenience of travellers to Belgium by the Harwich route, the Great Eastern Railway Company have just placed on the Antwerp express train from Liverpool Street Station dining and breakfast cars in which table d'hôte dinner and other refreshments

are served on the down journey, and table d'hôte breakfast on the up journey.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that from Monday last numerous and important additions were made in their train services to a large number of provincial towns, including Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, as well as to Scotland and Ireland. New



THE LADY MAYORESS OPENS A BAZAAR AT SYDENHAM: MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER CLARK'S PARTY.

A three days' open-air fête and bazaar was held in the grounds of Westwood, West Hill, Sydenham, the residence of Mr. Alexander Clark. The object of the bazaar was to raise £600 for the Church in the Grove, and of this £575 is realised. The bazaar was to have been opened by the Lord Mayor, who was, unfortunately, unable to be present. His place was ably taken by the Lady Mayoress. The names, reading from left to right, are: (back row) G. W. Dodds, the Rev. St. Barbe Sydenham Sladen, Mr. Alexander Clark, Mr. Howard Deighton, Mrs. Sladen, Miss Crouch, Miss Webster, Mrs. R. Naish, Mr. R. Naish, Mrs. Webster, Mr. Webster, Mr. Luther Clarke; (front row) the Rev. G. E. Darlaston, Miss Dunn, Miss Treloar, Mr. W. Mann-Cross, Mrs. A. Clark, the Lady Mayoress, Sheriff Dunn, Major Coates, Mrs. G. W. Dodds, Mrs. Darlaston.

corridor trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, and sleeping-saloon expresses, are provided for the convenience of passengers. Tourists and families travelling to such favourite resorts as North and Central Wales, the English Lake District, Blackpool, and the Isle of Man, will find that their requirements have been well catered for in every particular.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 10.*

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"IT'S a very 'here to-day and gone to-morrow' sort of business," complained a man on the kerbstone, as he thoughtfully dropped cigarette-ash down a friend's neck.

There are few things more irritating, and it took two policemen to keep the pugilists off the pavement.

"Yes, you're quite right in what you said," observed the winner afterwards. "But you wouldn't have got your new straw smashed in if you had behaved decently, you know."

"Comes by fits and starts; that's what I grumble about. I got you rather neatly on the left-hand—"

"All these dividends ought to make Kaffirs buck up, don't you think?" asked Our Stroller, entering into the discussion unasked, as usual.

"Are the dividends going to continue? There's the rub. If the Chinamen go home, who's to do the diggee-diggee—eh?"

"So long as there's gold in the earth, you can bet your last hundred Rand Mines that means will be found to get it out. At a profit, too."

The new speaker gave his decision with some authority, and he was evidently considered to know his subject.

"Yes, there's that about it," agreed Our Stroller, musing. "Is the consideration weighty enough to lift prices, do you think?"

All the others shrugged their shoulders.

"Sell 'em," said one man, walking off.

"Sell 'em," said another, going in the opposite direction.

His broker joined our friend at this juncture.

"What shall I do about Kaffirs?" demanded the client.

"Sell 'em," was the ready response. "They will all come down later on."

"When all the Stock Exchange agrees to one line of action, it is safe to take the other," said Our Stroller, half interrogatively.

"Certainly," replied his financial philosopher.

"And there was a Kaffir boomlet last August, when everyone was holiday-making." Still semi-questioning.

"Oh, I begin to see what you're driving at. Well, Sir, what are the shares, and how many would you like to buy?"

"Maybe I will wait a bit," answered our cautious friend.

"As you please. I candidly think it will pay you to wait."

They strolled into one of the tea-places free from the despotism of dominoes. It is a little room, formerly an office, and the one disadvantage about it is that you can hear what everyone else is saying, and be overheard in the same way.

The broker met a few of his special circle, and the talk immediately dropped into the prospects of business.

"I really do think the tide has turned," said one. "Now, we've dealt to-day in over a hundred thousand pounds Colonial stocks, and if that doesn't show a public appetite I'll eat my hat." And he bit viciously at the halfpenny bun for which he would be charged threepence.

The others regarded him with interest.

"Yes, that's the sort of thing I like to hear about," said the broker.

"It's the sort of thing I'd like to do," murmured another. He was a jobber in the Yankee Market.

"Do you know how much my earnings were last account?" he continued suddenly.

Nobody spoke, but the silence was inquisitive.

"One pound five in the fortnight—two orders, out of which I made a profit of twelve-and-sixpence on each. And that's the solid truth."

More silence, this time troubled, sympathetic.

"By the way," exclaimed one, breaking the awkward pause, "that's an unpleasant thing about the newspaper, isn't it?"

"Rotten!" nodded his vis-à-vis. Two of the others said they hadn't heard. "What's up?"

"Oh, the City Editor wrote an article about a Company that's coming out, took it round to certain friends of ours, and demanded a hundred pounds for its suppression."

"So?"

"Yes. Our friends asked him to wait, rang up their solicitor, and the newspaper gent. was fool enough to repeat the offer to him."

"No! Well, I'm squizzled! What a lark! And then?"

"That remains to be seen," was the reply. "It's common enough, we know, but—"

"Excuse me, gentlemen," interposed a large-headed man, joining them, "I couldn't help overhearing what you said, and I happen to be particularly interested in—"

"I really must go and look after those Atch.," cried Our Stroller's broker, rising rather hastily.

"By Jove! I hope I haven't missed that limit in—er— What the devil was it?" and out slid another.

In two minutes' time the little party was broken up.

Our Stroller was laughing silently, hugely.

"All very well to laugh!" retorted his broker. "But libel actions aren't in my line just now. Nor subpoenas either."

"Business is to be better, eh? And prices?"

"That's the general opinion in the City. You can buy yourself almost any investment stock now, and wait for a fairly early profit."

"I trust you will prove a fairly correct one," but the broker had turned away in time to avoid the feeble attempt.

## EL ORO AND ESPERANZA.

The circular lately received by the shareholders of the El Oro Mining and Railway Company contains information of the very greatest importance to them and incidentally to all the Companies in the neighbourhood, more especially the adjoining property, Esperanza. Enormous amounts of oxidised ore have in the past been taken from the great San Rafael vein on the El Oro property, and large masses of ore still remain to be extracted above the 486-foot level; but it was found that below this level a barren zone existed, and consequently the future of the mine depended to a very large extent on the discovery of new ore-bodies below this zone, and also below the original permanent water-level of the mine. Exploration with this object in view has been in progress during the past six months, with the result that it may now be taken as conclusively proved that sulphide ore exists at the 1000-foot level. At a point 258 feet north from the Somera shaft on this level a body of sulphide ore was encountered, and proved to be eight feet wide, of an average value of £10 per ton, and showing in some cases values considerably in excess of £20 per ton. At 280 feet north the drift again entered oxidised ore of low grade. A cross-cut driven west from this drift encountered a vein which is believed to be the southerly extension of the celebrated west vein in the Esperanza mine. This vein has proved to be seven feet in width, of an average value of £5 per ton, but values again ran up in places to £20 per ton. The South Drift on the same level has, during the past half year, been advanced 150 feet upon a continuous sulphide body, of an average width of two-and-a-half feet, and an average value of £8 per ton. Development on the 1150-foot level has now begun, and the result will be awaited with the greatest interest; but enough has already been done to justify the directors in stating that "they regard the developments explained above as of the greatest importance, not only as regards the tonnage of ore developed, but as demonstrating the fact that below the oxidised portion of the vein, sulphide ore has been found to exist, and proved to be of much higher grade and value than any ore hitherto discovered in the San Rafael vein."

The matter is, as I said above, of extreme importance to the future of the Esperanza Mine, which adjoins the northern boundary of the El Oro. The sixth level, which is practically the deepest working in ore in the Esperanza, is 400 feet above this rich strike in the El Oro Mine. This augurs well for the lower levels of the Esperanza, even if the sensational values of the upper levels are not repeated.

P.S.—San Paulo Railway stock has declined owing to the fact that the enterprising American-Canadian Company, "the Sao Paulo Light and Power Company," have leased the Sorocabana Railway from the State, and to the rumour that they intended constructing a branch to Santos. As regards the latter point, however, the San Paulo Railway have been assured by the State that there is no intention of this being done.

Saturday, June 29, 1907.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A. F. M.—Your letter as to the insurance policies was fully answered on the 25th instant.

HAMLET.—We advise you to have nothing to do with the litigation. You will get no satisfaction out of it. The exchange of bankers' receipts for share certificates would not affect the rights in any way. We have returned the circulars.

PERPLEXITY.—The Trams are one of the B.E.T. concerns, and we have a poor opinion of them. At present price you would get so little that it might be worth while to hold in the hope that they may improve. It is a poor hope. Of the Motor-body Company we know next to nothing; it is a bona-fide concern, and we should hold. Letters received after Saturday morning cannot be answered in the following issue.

PROFIT.—The Insurance Company is of the best standing, and the scheme is a good one as a means of saving. You could deal with the Company direct, as well as through the people you name, through whose instrumentality you get no extra advantage.

E. G.—Don't buy. The chances are great that the bucket-shop has an option from the vendor at a lower price than they are charging for the shares.

KYLE.—The people connected with the mine are very sanguine, and we think you might hold a few with advantage. Take a fair profit on the railway. The Siberian gamble does not attract us.

A. H.—Your letter was answered on the 29th.

SUNRAY.—You do not say whether you want our opinion from an investment or speculative point of view. You had better hold the whole lot. When prices rise get out of the North British Ordinary, Donford Preference, Furness Ordinary (these are the most speculative shares), and Bleachers Preference. The mine sell whenever there is a profit.

KALLY.—(1) The future of the Wireless Company depends on the action of the Government and the report of the Committee. We think the Company over-capitalised, and further money will be needed. (2) We are holding over our Premiums bought at your price. (3) There is no reason for despair. (4) The report just issued will give you all the information we have. The Ordinary shares are about 4s. 6d. (5) Buy a *Mining World* for price of Commonwealth Oil. Your ideas are high. You must be guided by circumstances when the quotation you name is reached.

BUNGALOW.—Your letter came too late to get prices. The Company is a promising one for a lock up. Prices and dividends we will give you next week. As to Singapore, you must inquire locally. How can we tell?

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I fancy the following at Newmarket: Princess of Wales's Stakes, Polymelus; Duke of Cambridge Handicap, Wuffy; Stetchworth Plate, Spume; Soham Handicap, Freeborn; Plantation Plate, Tiptoe II.; Stud Produce Stakes, Popinjay; Exeter Stakes, Lauderdale; July Cup, Rocketter; Three-Year-Old Handicap, Vi; Waterbeach Handicap, Gold Sand; Ellesmere Stakes, Gold Riach; Princess Plate, Moccasin; Fulbourne Stakes, Lucian. At Carlisle, Wild Lad should win the Cumberland Plate, and Bobberino the Devonshire Handicap. At Worcester I fancy Bed of Stone for the Worcestershire Handicap, and Calculator for the City Welter. I fancy Persinus for the London Cup at Alexandra Park, and Titan for the July Handicap. The Highgate Stakes may be won by Silentium.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Mr. Poskitt." By J. S. Fletcher. (Nash.)—"The Bachelor Girls." By Keble Howard. (Chapman and Hall.)—"The Child of Promise." By Netta Syrett. (Chapman and Hall.)

BETWEEN the pessimism of "Daniel Quayne" and the optimism of "Mr. Poskitt," there is a gulf that few novelists could leap. That Mr. Fletcher has succeeded in bridging the gap says much for his literary athleticism. Few works could be wider apart in scheme than the two noted, yet the latter is every whit as good as the former. Mr. Fletcher's characters are always the characters of life, as opposed to the average character of fiction, with his mechanical methods and diction, and it is pleasant to think that there are still Mr. Poskitts in this money-seeking, hurrying, and scurrying world of work. The genial, great-hearted farmer—an example, it is to be feared, of a type that will soon be as extinct as the dodo—is delightful, whether he be engineering a love-match, making peace or an investment, keeping an old-fashioned Christmas, going to a wedding or a funeral, seeing the King, or buying a motor-car. Note how he arranges a cricket match to be played in the good old way—

By the end of a fortnight Mr. Poskitt, after arduous exertions, had secured the services of the necessary twenty-two players and had formed them into two elevens, one to be called "Wintersleeve" and the other "The District." A careful analysis of the respective ages of these rival teams revealed the fact that two members had already passed the age of threescore years and ten; nine were over fifty; six were over forty-five; two over forty; while the remaining three, regarded by the rest as mere children, pressed into service just to make up the eleven, were thirty-nine, thirty-eight, and thirty-six respectively. It was Mr. Poskitt's grief that they were not older. . . . Each man wore his best trousers, a beautifully starched linen shirt, and a top-hat, very high in the crown. Out of what old chests, long left in silence in lavender-scented chambers in ancient farmsteads and country-houses, those tall hats had been unearthed was a marvel; but there they were, and a brave show they made. . . . What excitement when the Wintersleeve team, in their top-hats, took the field! . . . But what sighs when little Dicky Sharp, the huntsman, bowled his Lordship's middle-stump out of the ground with a ball which everybody declared could not have been played by any player that ever lived—not even by Alfred Mynn, Richard Daft, or W. G. Grace himself!

Would that there were more Mr. Poskitts!

Mr. Keble Howard's "The Bachelor Girls," is written in the same spirit of gentle good-humour. The author does not believe in

looking on the dark side of things, not even on the shady side, and his work is eminently pleasing. There will be those to claim that it is over-sentimental. What does it matter? Better be sentimental than have no feelings; better, at times, touch the heart rather than titillate the brain. In his methods, Mr. Howard is nothing if not simple; he does not "talk" unnecessarily, nor does he preach; he believes in the straightforward narrative, and he proves the wisdom of his belief. Many will read of the adventures of Billie Battle and Julie Hawkin with interest, laugh with them, sympathise with them, rejoice in their successful issue from somewhat entangled love-affairs, and wish them well in all things.

I confess to remembering Miss Netta Syrett only as the author of a prize-play selected by the Playgoers, and as the writer of certain short stories. Thus, "The Child of Promise" came as a surprise. It reveals Miss Syrett as a novelist of very considerable power and skill, with a keen appreciation of character, and the knowledge of how that character should be set forth for the delectation of the reader of fiction. Her chief figure, indeed, is one that will be long remembered—a fairy in a monastery, a child in faith as of faith, fretting under the restrictions of a cult, brought sharply to knowledge of the evils of life, tempted to work for a cause because that cause brings her personal power, and destined to become a woman of the world in a company of dreamers, to love and to be loved. Her fascination is great: she holds those who read of her, as she held those who heard her. She begins as a Nature child; she becomes a natural woman. Equally true are her father, Maurice Heathcote, the ideal idealist, who sacrifices all for his belief, his desire to better the lives of others; Val Desmond, the lover who rides away, only to return at last; the Cockney Heathcote family, and the others. Natasha is suffering under the knowledge that Val has left her—

It was broad daylight now, and at the face she saw in the glass she continued to look fixedly. . . . "I'm not beautiful; but, at least, no one could ignore me," was the substance of her verdict. "And men are fools." Her lip curled contemptuously as once more she thought of Lansing. "I will make myself the fashion. I won't talk for ever to men in Jaeger shirts, who regard women as though they were turnips. I won't lecture all my life in halls for working-men. Other men, the men who don't work, men like him, shall hear me—and see me."

So she enters into her campaign of deception, and wins others to a cause in which she has lost belief. And always—acting or in earnest—she is very woman, engrossing in her follies, charming in all moods.



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